Mich Corbett

POEMS,

BY

THE SECULARIES

WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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The history of the following production is briefly this:—A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the Sofa for a subject. He obeyed; and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and, pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trisle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a Volume!

In the Poem on the subject of Education, he would be very forry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterest of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel, therefore, is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa.-A School-boy's ramble. - A walk in the country. -The scene described.—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected. - Colonnades commended .- Alcove, and the view from it .- The wilderness. — The grove. — The thresher. — The necessity and the benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient .- A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced .- Gipfies .- The bleffings of civilized life. - That state most favourable to virtue.—The South Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai.—His present state of mind supposed.— Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities. -Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured.-Fete champetre.-The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effetts of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures. the affication. It is quarrel,

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Poulds of wong, rock'd his weary frength.

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BOOK L. Borded Son'T

T, H E 3 O F A.

I sing the Sofa. I, who lately fang
Truth, Hope, and Charity*, and touch'd with awe
The folemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous slight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing fumptuous or for use, Save their own painted skins, our sires had none. As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,

* See vol. i.

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Or velvet foft, or plush with shaggy pile: The hardy chief upon the rugged rock Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'ly bank Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud, Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength. Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next The birth-day of invention; weak at first, Dull in defign, and clumfy to perform. Joint-stools were then created; on three legs Upborn they stood. Three legs upholding firm A massy slab, in fashion square or round. On fuch a stool immortal Alfred fat, And fway'd the sceptre of his infant realms: And fuch in ancient halls and mansions drear May still be seen; but perforated fore, And drill'd in holes, the folid oak is found, By worms voracious eating through and through,

At length a generation more refin'd Improv'd the simple plan; made three legs four, Gave them a twifted form vermicular,

And o'er the feat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,

Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,

Yellow and red, of tap'stry richly wrought

And woven close, or needle-work sublime.

There might ye see the piony spread wide,

The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,

Lap-dog and lambkin with black staring eyes,

And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright With Nature's varnish; sever'd into stripes
That interlac'd each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that selt no ease;
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part
That press'd it, and the seet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant sloor.

in Abio a mary late. This maker floor

These for the rich: the rest, whom fate had plac'd In modest mediocrity, content With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides, Obdurate and unvielding, glaffy fmooth, With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn, Or fcarlet crewel, in the cushion fixt; If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd Than the firm oak of which the frame was form'd. No want of timber then was felt or fear'd In Albion's happy isle. The umber stood Pond'rous and fixt by its own maffy weight. But elbows still were wanting; these, some say, An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd; And some ascribe th' invention to a priest Burly and big, and studious of his ease. But, rude at first, and not with easy slope Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs, And bruis'd the fide; and, elevated high, Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears. Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged fires Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in, And ill at ease behind. The ladies first 'Gan murmur, as became the fofter fex. Ingenious fancy, never better pleas'd Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair, Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd The foft fettee; one elbow at each end, And in the midst an elbow, it receiv'd, United yet divided, twain at once. So fit two kings of Brentford on one throne; And fo two citizens who take the air, Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one. But relaxation of the languid frame, By foft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs, Was blifs referv'd for happier days. So flow The growth of what is excellent; fo hard T' attain perfection in this nether world. Thus first necessity invented stools, Convenience next fuggested elbow-chairs, And luxury th' accomplish'd sora last.

Was blies welley'd for ha

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead,
Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour
To slumber in the carriage more secure,
Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk,
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,
Compar'd with the repose the sora yields.

Oh may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that insest the toe
Of libertine excess. The sora suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,

Though on a sora, may I never feel: For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes Of graffy fwarth, close cropt by nibbling sheep, And skirted thick with intertexture firm Of thorny boughs; have lov'd the rural walk O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink, E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames; And still remember, nor without regret Of hours that forrow fince has much endear'd, How oft, my flice of pocket store consum'd, Still hung'ring, pennyless and far from home, I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws, Or blushing crabs, or berries, that imboss The bramble, black as jet, or floes auftere. Hard fare! but fuch as boyish appetite Disdains not; nor the palate, undepray'd By culinary arts, unfav'ry deems, No sofa then awaited my return; Nor sofa then I needed, Youth repairs

His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years As life declines speed rapidly away, And not a year but pilfers as he goes Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep; A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees Their length and colour from the locks they spare; Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence, That play of lungs, inhaling and again Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes Swift pace or fleep ascent no toil to me, Mine have not pilfer'd yet; nor yet impair'd My relish of fair prospect; scenes that sooth'd Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find Still foothing, and of pow'r to charm me still. And witness, dear companion of my walks, Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love, Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth

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And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire-Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long. Thou know'ft my praise of nature most sincere, And that my raptures are not conjur'd up To ferve occasions of poetic pomp, But genuine, and art partner of them all. How oft upon you eminence our pace Has flacken'd to a paufe, and we have born The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew, While admiration, feeding at the eye, And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene. Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd The diffant plough flow moving, and befide His lab'ring team, that fwerv'd not from the track, The flurdy fwain diminish'd to a boy! Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er, Conducts the eye along his finuous course Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank, Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,

That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;

While far beyond, and overthwart the stream

That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,

The sloping land recedes into the clouds;

Displaying on its varied side the grace

Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,

Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells

Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,

Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.

Scenes must be beautiful which, daily view'd,

Please daily, and whose novelty survives

Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.

Praise justly due to those that I describe.

Nor rural fights alone, but rural founds,

Exhilarate the spirit, and restore

The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,

That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood

Of ancient growth, make music not unlike

The dash of ocean on his winding shore,

And full the spirit while they fill the mind; Unnumber'd branches waving in the blaft, And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once, Nor less composure waits upon the roar Of diffant floods, or on the fofter voice Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that flip Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length In matted grass, that with a livelier green Betrays the fecret of their filent courfe. Nature inanimate employs fweet founds, But animated nature sweeter still, To footh and fatisfy the human ear. Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain, But cawing rooks, and kites that fwim fublime In still repeated circles, screaming loud, The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl That hails the rifing moon, have charms for me.

Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,

And only there, please highly for their sake.

that of commonly administration of it will

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy! Fearless of humid air and gathering rains, Forth fleps the man—an emblem of myself! More delicate, his tim'rous mate retires. When Winter foaks the fields, and female feet, Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay, Or ford the rivulets, are best at home, The task of new discov'ries falls on me. At fuch a feafon, and with fuch a charge, Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown, A cottage, whither oft we fince repair: 'Tis perch'd upon the green-hill top, but close Environ'd with a ring of branching elms That overhang the thatch, itself unseen Peeps at the vale below; fo thick befet

With foliage of fuch dark redundant growth, I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the peasant's nest. And, hidden as it is, and far remote From fuch unpleasing founds as haunt the ear In village or in town, the bay of curs Inceffant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels, And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd, Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine. Here, I have faid, at least I should possess The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge The dreams of fancy, tranquil and fecure. Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat Dearly obtains the refuge it affords. Som and long. Its elevated scite forbids the wretch To drink fweet waters of the crystal well; He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch, And, heavy-laden, brings his bev'rage home, Far fetch'd and little worth; nor feldom waits, Dependant on the baker's punctual call, To hear his creaking panniers at the door,

And infants clamirous whether pleas'd or pain'd.

Angry and fad, and his last crust consum'd.

So farewell envy of the peasant's nest!

If solitude make scant the means of life,

Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,

Be still a pleasing object in my view;

My visit still, but never mine abode.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade

Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,

Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.

Our fathers knew the value of a screen

From sultry suns; and, in their shaded walks

And long-protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon

The gloom and coolness of declining day.

We bear our shades about us; self-depriv'd

Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,

And range an Indian waste without a tree.

Thanks to * Benevolus—he spares me yet

John Courtney Throckmorton, Efq. of Weston Underwood.

So from the real of immortalize himles!

These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines;

And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves

The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)

A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge.

We pass a gulph, in which the willows dip

Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.

Hence, ancle-deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,

We mount again, and seel at ev'ry step

Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,

Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.

He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,

Dissigures earth; and, plotting in the dark,

Toils much to earn a monumental pile,

That may record the mischies he has done.

The fummit gain'd, behold the proud alcove

That crowns it! yet not all its pride fecures

The grand retreat from injuries impress'd

The wrin that meets it palfes fwiftly by

By rural carvers, who with knives deface The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name, In characters uncouth, and spelt amis. So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself Beats in the breaft of man, that ev'n a few Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd Of blank oblivion, feem a glorious prize, And even to a clown. Now roves the eye; And, posted on this speculative height, Exults in its command. The sheep-fold here Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe. At first, progressive as a stream, they seek The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees, Each to his choice, foon whiten all the land. There, from the fun-burnt hay-field, homeward creeps The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge, The wain that meets it passes swiftly by; The boorish driver leaning o'er his team Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay. Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,

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Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth, Alike, yet various. Here the gray fmooth trunks Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine, Within the twilight of their distant shades; There, loft behind a rifing ground, the wood Seems funk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs. No tree in all the grove but has its charms, Though each its hue peculiar; paler some, And of a wannish gray; the willow such, And poplar, that with filver lines his leaf, And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm; Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still, Lord of the woods, the long-furviving oak. Some gloffy-leav'd, and shining in the sun, The maple, and the beech of oily nuts Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass The fycamore, capricious in attire, Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

A1 . 10 V

O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,

And such the re-ascent; between them weeps

A little naiad her impov'rish'd urn

All summer long, which winter fills again.

The folded gates would bar my progress now,

But that the * lord of this enclos'd demesse,

Communicative of the good he owns,

Admits me to a share: the guiltless eye

Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.

Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?

By short transition we have lost his glare,

And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.

Ye sallen avenues! once more I mourn

See the foregoing note.

Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice

That yet a remnant of your race furvives.

How airy and how light the graceful arch,

Yet awful as the confecrated roof

Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath

The chequer'd earth feems reftless as a flood

Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light

Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,

Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,

And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves

Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot.

And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits cheer'd, We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks, With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant stail,

That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls

Full on the destin'd ear. Wide slies the chass.

The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist

Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,

And sleep not: see him sweating o'er his bread

Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,

But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge

Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.

Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel

That nature rides upon maintains her health,

Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads

An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.

Its own revolvency upholds the world.

Winds from all quarters agitate the air,

And sit the limpid element for use,

Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,

All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd

By reftless undulation: ev'n the oak Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm: He feems indeed indignant, and to feel Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain, Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm He held the thunder: but the monarch owes His firm stability to what he fcorns— More fixt below, the more difturb'd above. The law, by which all creatures else are bound, Binds man the lord of all. Himself derives No mean advantage from a kindred cause, From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease. The fedentary stretch their lazy length When custom bids, but no refreshment find, For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek Deferted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk, And wither'd muscle, and the vapid foul, Reproach their owner with that love of rest To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves. Not fuch th' alert and active. Measure life

By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And their's alone feems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its affociate in most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are their's;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them,
With clear exemption from its own desects,
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay,

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,

Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine

Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.

The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,

Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,

Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,

Renounce the odours of the open field

For the unscented fictions of the loom; Who, fatisfied with only pencil'd fcenes, Prefer to the performance of a God Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand! Lovely indeed the mimic works of art; But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire-None more admires—the painter's magic skill, Who shows me that which I shall never see, Conveys a diftant country into mine, And throws Italian light on English walls: But imitative strokes can do no more Than please the eye-sweet Nature ev'ry sense. The air falubrious of her lofty hills, The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales, And music of her woods—no works of man May rival these; these all bespeak a pow'r Peculiar, and exclusively her own. Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast; 'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd; Who scorns it starves deservedly at home,

He does not fcorn it, who, imprison'd long In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey To fallow fickness, which the vapours, dank And clammy, of his dark abode have bred, Escapes at last to liberty and light: His cheek recovers foon its healthful hue; His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires; he soom snow He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy, And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze. He does not fcorn it, who has long endur'd A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs. Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd With acrid falts; his very heart athirst To gaze at Nature in her green array, Upon the ship's tall side he stands, posses'd With visions prompted by intense defire: Fair fields appear below, fuch as he left Far diffant, fuch as he would die to find-He feeks them headlong, and is feen no more.

atriad as with week of Eaverest if wood out Vi

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns; The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown, And fullen fadness, that o'ershade, distort, And mar, the face of beauty, when no cause For fuch immeasurable wo appears, These Flora banishes, and gives the fair Sweet fmiles, and bloom less transient than her own. It is the constant revolution, stale And tasteless, of the same repeated joys, That palls and fatiates, and makes languid life A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down. Health fuffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart Recoils from its own choice—at the full feaft Is famish'd—finds no music in the song, No fmartness in the jest; and wonders why. Yet thousands still defire to journey on, Though halt, and weary of the path they tread. The paralytic, who can hold her cards, But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand To deal and shuffle, to divide and fort,

Her mingled fuits and fequences; and fits, Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad And filent cypher, while her proxy plays. Others are dragg'd into the crowded room Between supporters; and, once seated, sit, Through downright inability to rife, Till the flout bearers lift the corpse again. These speak a loud memento. Yet ev'n these Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he That overhangs a torrent to a twig. They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die, Yet scorn the purposes for which they live. Then wherefore not renounce them? No-the dread, The flavish dread of solitude, that breeds Reflection and remorfe, the fear of shame, And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boaft of mere pretenders to the name,
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,

That dries his feathers, faturate with dew,
Beneath the rofy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from their's whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd,
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties sade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off,
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.

nit emplied from the track stall as I

Then faug enclosures in the shelter'd vale, Where frequent hedges intercept the eye, Delight us; happy to renounce awhile, Not senseless of its charms, what still we love, That fuch short absence may endear it more. Then forests, or the savage rock, may please, That hides the fea-mew in his hollow clefts Above the reach of man, His hoary head, Conspicuous many a league, the mariner, Bound homeward, and in hope already there, Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waift A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows, And at his feet the baffled billows die. The common, overgrown with fern, and rough With prickly gorfe, that, shapeless and deform'd, And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom, And decks itself with ornaments of gold, Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs

She begs an idle pin of all the meets

And fungous fruits of earth, regales the fense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days Saw better clad, in cloak of fatin trimm'd With lace, and hat with fplendid ribband bound. A ferving maid was she, and fell in love With one who left her, went to fea, and died. Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves To distant shores; and she would sit and weep At what a failor fuffers; fancy, too, Delufive most where warmest wishes are, Would oft anticipate his glad return, And dream of transports she was not to know. She heard the doleful tidings of his death— And never fmil'd again! And now she roams The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day, And there, unless when charity forbids, The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides, Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown

More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal

A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.

She begs an idle pin of all she meets,

And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,

Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,

Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd!

A terving waith was lived and rell in love

I fee a column of flow rifing smoke
O'ertop the losty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—sless obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or, at best, of cock pursoin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their suel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their slutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.

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Great skill have they in palmistry, and more To conjure clean away the gold they touch, Conveying worthless dross into its place; Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal. Strange! that a creature rational, and cast In human mould, should brutalize by choice His nature; and, though capable of arts By which the world might profit, and himself, Self-banish'd from society, prefer Such fqualid floth to honourable toil! Yet even these, though, seigning sickness oft, They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb, And vex their flesh with artificial fores, Can change their whine into a mirthful note When fafe occasion offers; and, with dance, And music of the bladder and the bag, Beguile their woes, and make the woods refound. Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy The houseless rovers of the sylvan world; And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,

Converted worthless deals incosts placed

Need other physic none to heal th' effects

Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

Bleft he, though undiffinguish'd from the crowd By wealth or dignity, who dwells fecure, Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside His fierceness; having learnt, though flow to learn, The manners and the arts of civil life. His wants, indeed, are many; but fupply Is obvious, plac'd within the eafy reach Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands. Here virtue thrives, as in her proper foil; Not rude and furly, and befet with thorns, And terrible to fight, as when she springs (If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails, And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind, By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd, And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd. War and the chase engross the savage whole;

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War follow'd for revenge, or to fupplant The envied tenants of some happier spot, The chase for sustenance, precarious trust! His hard condition with fevere constraint Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth Of wisdom, proves a school in which he learns Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate, Mean felf-attachment, and scarce aught beside. Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north, And thus the rangers of the western world, Where it advances far into the deep, Towards th' antarctic. Ev'n the favour'd isles, So lately found, although the constant fun Cheer all their feasons with a grateful smile, Can boast but little virtue; and, inert Through plenty, lofe in morals what they gain In manners—victims of luxurious eafe. These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote From all that science traces, art invents, Or inspiration teaches; and enclosed

In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd By navigators uninformed as they, Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again: But, far beyond the rest, and with most cause, Thee, gentle* favage! whom no love of thee Or thine, but curiofity perhaps, Or else vain glory, prompted us to draw Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here With what superior skill we can abuse The gifts of Providence, and squander life. The dream is past; and thou hast found again Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams, And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou found Their former charms? And, having feen our state, Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports, And heard our music; are thy simple friends, Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights, As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys. Loft nothing by comparison with our's?

Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude And ignorant, except of outward show) I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart And spiritless, as never to regret Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known. Methinks I fee thee straying on the beach, And asking of the furge that bathes thy foot If ever it has wash'd our distant shore. I fee thee weep, and thine are honest tears, A patriot's for his country: thou art fad At thought of her forlorn and abject state, From which no pow'r of thine can raife her up. Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err, Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus. She tells me, too, that duly ev'ry morn Thou climb'ft the mountain top, with eager eye Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste For fight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale With conflict of contending hopes and fears.

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But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,

And sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepar'd

To dream all night of what the day denied.

Alas! expect it not. We found no bait

To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,

Disinterested good, is not our trade.

We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;

And must be brib'd, to compass earth again,

By other hopes and richer fruits than your's.

But, though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial foil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft: in proud and gay
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome few'r,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,

And wantonness and gluttonous excess. In cities vice is hidden with most ease, Or feen with least reproach; and virtue, taught By frequent lapfe, can hope no triumph there Beyond th' achievement of fuccessful flight. I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts, In which they flourish most; where, in the beams Of warm encouragement, and in the eye Of public note, they reach their perfect fize. Such London is, by tafte and wealth proclaim'd The fairest capital of all the world, By riot and incontinence the worst. There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes A lucid mirror, in which Nature fees All her reflected features. Bacon there Gives more than female beauty to a stone, And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips. Nor does the chiffel occupy alone The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much; Each province of her art her equal care.

With nice incision of her guided steel She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a foil So sterile with what charms so'er she will, The richeft scen'ry and the loveliest forms. Where finds philosophy her eagle eye, With which she gazes at yon burning disk Undazzled, and detects and counts his fpots? In London: where her implements exact, With which she calculates, computes, and scans, All diftance, motion, magnitude, and now Measures an atom, and now girds a world? In London. Where has commerce fuch a mart. So rich, fo throng'd, fo drain'd, and fo supplied, As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still Increasing, London? Babylon of old Not more the glory of the earth than she, A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two, That so much beauty would do well to purge; And show this queen of cities, that so fair May yet be foul; fo witty, yet not wife. It is not feemly, nor of good report, That she is slack in discipline; more prompt T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law: That she is rigid in denouncing death On petty robbers, and indulges life And liberty, and oft-times honour too, To peculators of the public gold: That thieves at home must hang; but he, that puts Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes. Nor is it well, nor can it come to good, That, through profane and infidel contempt Of holy writ, she has prefum'd t' annul And abrogate, as roundly as fhe may, The total ordinance and will of God; Advancing fashion to the post of truth, And cent'ring all authority in modes And customs of her own, till sabbath rites

It is not feedby not all good term

Have dwindled into unrespected forms,

And knees and hassocs are well-nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town. What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts That can alone make fweet the bitter draught That life holds out to all, should most abound And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves? Posses ye, therefore, ye, who, born about In chariots and fedans, know no fatigue But that of idleness, and taste no scenes But fuch as art contrives, possess ye still Your element; there only can ye shine; There only minds like your's can do no harm. Our groves were planted to confole at noon The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve The moon-beam, sliding softly in between The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish, Birds warbling all the music. We can spare The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse.

Our foster satellite. Your songs consound
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as your's,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, stedsaft but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

Our foliar assences at ear time; confound a second course that the transmission moses; where the thinks are a Scar d, and the establish might sure that the is made.

There is a reason associated to require the first proof.

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BOOK II.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book.— Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Sicilian earthquakes. - Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin .- God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved. - Our own late miscarriages accounted for .- Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainbleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons .- Petit-maitre parson. - The good preacher.—Pictures of a theatrical clerical coxcomb. Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved. - Apostropbe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

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THE TIME-PIECE.

On for a lodge in some vast wilderness,

Some boundless contiguity of shade,

Where rumour of oppression and deceit,

Of unsuccessful or successful war,

Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,

My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report

Of wrong and outrage with which earth is sill'd.

There is no sless in man's obdurate heart,

It does not seel for man; the nat'ral bond

Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax

That falls asunder at the touch of sire.

That finerys bought and fold have ever easy L.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin Not colour'd like his own; and, having pow'r T' enforce the wrong, for fuch a worthy cause Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey. Lands interfected by a narrow frith Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd Make enemies of nations, who had elfe, Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys; And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd, As human nature's broadest, foulest blot, Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart, Weeps when she sees inslicted on a beast. Then what is man? And what man, feeing this, And having human feelings, does not blufh, And hang his head, to think himself a man? I would not have a flave to till my ground, To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth That finews bought and fold have ever earn'd.

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No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's

Just estimation priz'd above all price,

I had much rather be myself the slave,

And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?

And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave

That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs

Receive our air, that moment they are free;

They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud

And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,

And let it circulate through ev'ry vein

Of all your empire; that where Britain's pow'r

Is selt mankind may seel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of focial intercourse, Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid, Between the nations, in a world that seems To toll the death-bell of its own decease,

"A longer referey unaccomplished year

And by the voice of all its elements To preach the gen'ral doom*. When were the winds Let flip with fuch a warrant to destroy? When did the waves fo haughtily o'erleap Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry? Fires from beneath, and meteors + from above, Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd, Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old And crazy earth has had her shaking fits More frequent, and forgone her usual rest. Is it a time to wrangle, when the props And pillars of our planet feem to fail, And Nature t with a dim and fickly eye To wait the close of all? But grant her end More distant, and that prophecy demands A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;

^{*} Alluding to the calamities at Jamaica.

[†] August 18, 1783.

^{##} Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Afia during the whole furnmer of 1783.

Still they are frowning fignals, and bespeak
Displeasure in his breast who smites the earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand expos'd by common peccancy
To what no sew have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now

Lie scatter'd where the shapely column stood.

Her palaces are dust. In all her streets

The voice of singing and the sprightly chord

Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show

Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;

While God performs upon the trembling stage

Of his own works his dreadful part alone.

How does the earth receive him?—With what signs

Of gratulation and delight, her king?

Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,

Her sweetest flow'rs, her aromatic gums,

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Disclosing paradise where'er he treads? She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb, Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps And fiery caverns roars beneath his foot. The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke, For he has touch'd them. From th' extremest point Of elevation down into th' abyss His wrath is bufy, and his frown is felt. The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies rife, The rivers die into offensive pools, And, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a groß And mortal nuifance into all the air. What folid was, by transformation strange, Grows fluid; and the fixt and rooted earth, Tormented into billows, heaves and fwells, Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl Sucks down its prey infatiable. Immenfe The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs And agonies of human and of brute Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry fide,

And fugitive in vain. The fylvan scene Migrates uplifted; and, with all its foil Alighting in far diffant fields, finds out A new possessor, and survives the change. Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought To an enormous and o'erbearing height, Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore Resistless. Never such a sudden flood, Upridg'd fo high, and fent on fuch a charge, Poffes'd an inland scene. Where now the throng That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart, Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone, Gone with the refluent wave into the deep-A prince with half his people! Ancient tow'rs, And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes Where beauty oft and letter'd worth confume Life in the unproductive shades of death, Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth, And, happy in their unforeseen release

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From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy

The terrors of the day that sets them free.

Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee sast,

Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret,

That ev'n a judgment, making way for thee,

Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake.

Such evil fin hath wrought; and fuch a flame
Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to earth,
And, in the furious inquest that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him: or, if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.

The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the slood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulphs.
What then!—were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast anchor'd isse
Mov'd not, while their's was rock'd, like a light skiff,
The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark:
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,
Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, less he spare not thee!

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will

And arbitration wife of the Supreme. Did not his eye rule all things, and intend The least of our concerns (fince from the least The greatest oft originate); could chance Find place in his dominion, or dispose One lawless particle to thwart his plan; Then God might be furpris'd, and unforeseen Contingence might alarm him, and difturb The smooth and equal course of his affairs. This truth philosophy, though eagle-ey'd In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks; And, having found his instrument, forgets, Or difregards, or, more prefumptuous still, Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims His hot displeasure against foolish men, That live an atheist life: involves the heav'n In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds, And gives them all their fury; bids a plague Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin, And putrify the breath of blooming health.

He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend Blows mildew from between his shrivel'd lips, And taints the golden ear. He fprings his mines, And desolates a nation at a blast. Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells Of homogeneal and discordant springs And principles; of causes, how they work By necessary laws their sure effects; Of action and re-action. He has found The fource of the difease that nature feels, And bids the world take heart and banish fear. Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God Still wrought by means fince first he made the world? And did he not of old employ his means To drown it? What is his creation less Than a capacious refervoir of means Form'd for his use, and ready at his will? Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,

Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;

And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still-My country! and, while yet a nook is left Where English minds and manners may be found, Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost, I would not yet exchange thy fullen fkies, And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France With all her vines; nor for Aufonia's groves Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs. To shake thy fenate, and from heights sublime Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire Upon thy foes, was never meant my talk: But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake Thy joys and forrows, with as true a heart As any thund'rer there. And I can feel Thy follies, too; and with a just disdain

Frown at effeminates, whose very looks Reflect dishonour on the land I love. How, in the name of foldiership and sense, Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth And tender as a girl, all effenc'd o'er With odours, and as profligate as fweet; Who fell their laurel for a myrtle wreath, And love when they should fight; when such as these Prefume to lay their hand upon the ark Of her magnificent and awful cause? Time was when it was praise and boast enough In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might, That we were born her children. Praise enough To fill th' ambition of a private man, That Chatham's language was his mother tongue, And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own. Farewell those honours, and farewell with them The hope of fuch hereafter! They have fall'n Each in his field of glory; one in arms, And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap

Of smiling victory that moment won,

And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!

They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still

Consulting England's happiness at home,

Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,

If any wrong'd her. Wolse, where'er he sought,

Put so much of his heart into his act,

That his example had a magnet's force,

And all were swift to sollow whom all lov'd,

Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!

Or all that we have left is empty talk

Of old achievements, and despair of new,

Now hoift the fail, and let the streamers float

Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck

With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,

That no rude savour maritime invade

The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft,

Ye clarionets; and softer still, ye slutes;

That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,

May bear us fmoothly to the Gallic shore! True, we have loft an empire—let it pass. True; we may thank the perfidy of France, That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown, With all the cunning of an envious shrew. And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state! A brave man knows no malice, but at once Forgets in peace the injuries of war, And gives his direft foe a friend's embrace. And, sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard Brav'd and defied, and in our own fea prov'd Too weak for those decisive blows that once Enfured us mast'ry there, we yet retain Some fmall pre-eminence; we justly boast At least superior jockeyship, and claim The honours of the turf as all our own! Go, then, well worthy of the praise ye seek, And show the shame ye might conceal at home In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!-

That piet is the joyed out of it

'Tis gen'rous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd:
And, under such preceptors, who can fail!

There is a pleasure in poetic pains Which only poets know. The shifts and turns, Th' expedients and inventions, multiform, To which the mind reforts, in chase of terms Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win-T' arrest the fleeting images that fill The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast, And force them fit till he has pencil'd off A faithful likeness of the forms he views; Then to dispose his copies with such art, That each may find its most propitious light, And shine by situation, hardly less Than by the labour and the skill it cost; Are occupations of the poet's mind So pleasing, and that steal away the thought With fuch address from themes of fad import,

That, loft in his own musings, happy man! He feels th' anxieties of life, denied Their wonted entertainment, all retire. Such joys has he that fings. But ah! not fuch, Or feldom fuch, the hearers of his fong. Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps Aware of nothing arduous in a talk They never undertook, they little note His dangers or escapes, and haply find There least amusement where he found the most. But is amusement all? studious of song, And yet ambitious not to fing in vain, I would not trifle merely, though the world Be loudest in their praise who do no more. Yet what can fatire, whether grave or gay? It may correct a foible, may chaftise The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress, Retrench a fword-blade, or displace a patch; But where are its sublimer trophies found? What vice has it subdu'd? whose heart reclaim'd

By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?

Alas! Leviathan is not fo tam'd:

Laugh'd at, he laughs again; and, stricken hard,

Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,

That sear no discipline of human hands.

Fail dious, in the Miller, or perhaps

The pulpit, therefore (and I name it fill'd With folemn awe, that bids me well beware With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
The pulpit (when the fat'rift has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear,

By him the violated law speaks out Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet As angels use, the gospel whispers peace. He stablishes the strong, restores the weak, Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart, And, arm'd himself in panoply complete Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms, Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule Of holy discipline, to glorious war, The facramental hoft of God's elect! Are all fuch teachers?—would to heav'n all were! But hark—the doctor's voice!—fast wedg'd between Two empirics he stands, and with fwoln cheeks Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far Than all invective is his bold harangue, While through that public organ of report He hails the clergy; and, defying shame, Announces to the world his own and their's! He teaches those to read, whom schools dismis'd, And colleges, untaught; fells accent, tone,

And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r

Th' adagio and andante it demands.

He grinds divinity of other days

Down into modern use; transforms old print

To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes

Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts.

Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?

Oh, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,

That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.

He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,

Assuming thus a rank unknown before—

Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,

In conversation frivolous, in dress Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse; Frequent in park with lady at his fide, Ambling and prattling fcandal as he goes; But rare at home, and never at his books, Or with his pen, fave when he fcrawls a card; Constant at routs, familiar with a round Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor; Ambitious of preferment for its gold, And well prepar'd, by ignorance and floth, By infidelity and love of world, Hehold the picture To make God's work a finecure; a flave To his own pleasures and his patron's pride:-From fuch apostles, oh, ye mitred heads, Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands On fculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own—
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace

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His mafter-strokes, and draw from his design. I would express him simple, grave, sincere; In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain, And plain in manner; decent, folemn, chafte, And natural in gefture; much impress'd Himself, as conscious of his awful charge, And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds May feel it too; affectionate in look, And tender in address, as well becomes A messenger of grace to guiky men. Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom? The things that mount the rostrum with a skip, And then skip down again; pronounce a text; Cry-hem; and, reading what they never wrote, Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work, And with a well-bred whifper close the scene!

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loath

All affectation. 'Tis my perfect fcorn; Object of my implacable difgust. What!-will a man play tricks, will he indulge A filly fond conceit of his fair form, And just proportion, fashionable mien, And pretty face, in presence of his God? Or will he feek to dazzle me with tropes, As with the di'mond on his lily hand, And play his brilliant parts before my eyes, When I am hungry for the bread of life? He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames His noble office, and, inflead of truth, Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock! Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare, And start theatric, practifed at the glass! I feek divine simplicity in him Who handles things divine; and all besides, Though learn'd with labour, and though much admir'd By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd, To me is odious as the nafal twang

Heard at conventicle, where worthy men, Misled by custom, strain celestial themes Through the prest nostril, spectacle-bestrid. Some, decent in demeanour while they preach, That task perform'd, relapse into themselves; by both And, having spoken wisely, at the close Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye-Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not! Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke An eye-brow; next, compose a straggling lock; Then with an air, most gracefully perform'd, Fall back into our feat, extend an arm, And lay it at its ease with gentle care, With handkerchief in hand depending low: The better hand, more busy, gives the nose Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye With op'ra glass, to watch the moving scene, And recognize the flow-retiring fair. Now this is fulfome; and offends me more Than in a churchman flovenly neglect and a serious

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And rustic coarseness would. An heav'nly mind

May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,

And slight the hovel as beneath her care;

But how a body so fantastic, trim,

And quaint, in its deportment and attire,

Can lodge an heav'nly mind—demands a doubt.

Ohy popular applaule! what heart of man

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a foul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.

No: he was ferious in a ferious cause,

And understood too well the weighty terms

That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop

To conquer those by jocular exploits,

Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

he started the holes which do bolls!

Oh, popular applause! what heart of man

Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?

The wisest and the best feel urgent need

Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;

But, swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!

With all his canvass set, and inexpert,

And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r?

Praise from the rivel'd lips of toothless, bald

Decrepitude; and in the looks of lean

And craving poverty; and in the bow

Respectful of the smutch'd artificer;

Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb

The bias of the purpose. How much more,

Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,

Or does the combinationall? If he linvive

In language foft as adoration breathes?

Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.

Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!

Doet not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the fempiternal fource Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome, Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head. To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams Illusive of philosophy, so call'd, miver sais boid o'T But falfely. Sages after fages strove In vain to filter off a crystal draught Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred Intoxication and delirium wild. In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is man? Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?

Where must he find his Maker? with what rites Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless? Or does he fit regardless of his works? Has man within him an immortal feed? Or does the tomb take all? If he furvive His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe? Knots worthy of folution, which alone A Deity could folve. Their answers, vague, And all at random, fabulous, and dark, Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life, Defective and unfanction'd, prov'd too weak To bind the roving appetite, and lead Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd. 'Tis revelation fatisfies all doubts, Explains all mysteries, except her own, And so illuminates the path of life, That fools discover it, and stray no more. Now tell me, dignified and fapient fir, My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades

Of Academus—is this false or true?

Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?

If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn

To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short

Of man's occasions, when in him reside

Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unsathom'd store?

How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,

Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd!

Men that, if now alive, would sit content

And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,

Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,

Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!

With supplier to the level of the flater

And thus it is.—The paftor, either vain

By nature, or by flatt'ry made fo, taught

To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt

Absurdly, not his office, but himself;

Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn;

Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;

Perverting often, by the stress of lewd

And loose example, whom he should instruct; Exposes, and holds up to broad difgrace, The noblest function, and discredits much The brightest truths that man has ever seen. For ghoftly counsel; if it either fall Below the exigence, or be not back'd With show of love, at least with hopeful proof Of fome fincerity on th' giver's part; Or be dishonour'd, in th' exterior form And mode of its conveyance, by fuch tricks As move derifion, or by foppish airs And histrionic mumm'ry, that let down The pulpit to the level of the stage; Drops from the lips a difregarded thing. The weak perhaps are mov'd, but are not taught, While prejudice in men of stronger minds Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see. A relaxation of religion's hold Upon the roving and untutor'd heart Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapt,

The laity run wild.—But do they now?

Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive A wooden one, so we, no longer taught By monitors that mother church supplies, Now make our own. Posterity will ask (If e'er posterity see verse of mine) Some fifty or an hundred lustrums hence, What was a monitor in George's days? My very gentle reader, yet unborn, Of whom I needs must augur better things, Since heav'n would fure grow weary of a world Productive only of a race like our's, A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin, We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd And neatly fitted, it compresses hard The prominent and most unsightly bones, And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use Sov'reign and most effectual to secure

A form, not now gymnastic as of yore, From rickets and diffortion, else our lot. But, thus admonish'd, we can walk erect-One proof at least of manhood! while the friend Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge. Our habits, coftlier than Lucullus wore, And by caprice as multiplied as his, Just please us while the fashion is at full, But change with ev'ry moon. The fycophant, Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date; Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye; Finds one ill made, another obsolete, This fits not nicely, that is ill conceiv'd; And, making prize of all that he condemns, With our expenditure defrays his own, Variety's the very spice of life, That gives it all its flavour. We have run Through ev'ry change that fancy at the loom, Exhaufted, has had genius to fupply; And, studious of mutation still, discard

A real elegance, a little us'd, For monstrous novelty and strange disguise. We facrifice to drefs, till household joys And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry, And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires; And introduces hunger, frost, and wo, Where peace and hospitality might reign. What man that lives, and that knows how to live, Would fail t' exhibit at the public shows A form as splendid as the proudest there, Though appetite raise outcries at the cost? A man o' th' town dines late, but foon enough, With reasonable forecast and dispatch, T' insure a side-box station at half price. You think, perhaps, fo delicate his dress, His daily fare as delicate. Alas! He picks clean teeth, and, bufy as he feems With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet! The rout is folly's circle, which she draws With magic wand. So potent is the fpell,

That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring, Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape. There we grow early gray, but never wife; There form connexions, but acquire no friend; Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success; Waste youth in occupations only fit For fecond childhood, and devote old age To fports which only childhood could excuse. There they are happiest who dissemble best Their weariness; and they the most polite Who squander time and treasure with a smile, Though at their own destruction. She, that asks Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all, And hates their coming. They (what can they less?) Make just reprifals; and, with cringe and shrug, And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her. All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace, Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies, And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass, To her who, frugal only that her thrift

May feed excesses she can ill afford, Is hackney'd home unlacquey'd; who, in hafte Alighting, turns the key in her own door, And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light, Finds a cold bed her only comfort left. Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives, On fortune's velvet altar off'ring up Their last poor pittance—fortune, most severe Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far Than all that held their routs in Juno's heav'n. So fare we in this prison-house the world. And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see So many maniacs dancing in their chains. They gaze upon the links that hold them fast With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot, Then shake them in despair, and dance again!

Now basket up the family of plagues

That waste our vitals; peculation, sale

Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds

By forgery, by fubterfuge of law, By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen As the necessities their authors feel; Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat At the right door. Profusion is the fire. Profusion unrestrain'd, with all that's base In character, has litter'd all the land, And bred, within the mem'ry of no few, A priefthood fuch as Baal's was of old, A people fuch as never was till now. It is a hungry vice:—it eats up all That gives fociety its beauty, strength, Convenience; and fecurity, and use: Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd And gibbetted as fast as catchpole claws Can feize the flipp'ry prey: unties the knot Of union, and converts the facred band That holds mankind together to a scourge. Profusion, deluging a state with lusts Of groffest nature and of worst effects,

Prepares it for its ruin: hardens, blinds,

And warps, the consciences of public men,

Till they can laugh at virtue; mock the sools

That trust them; and, in th' end, disclose a sace

That would have shock'd credulity herself,

Unmask'd, vouchsating this their sole excuse—

Since all alike are selfish, why not they?

This does profusion, and th' accursed cause

Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,

When learning virtue, piety, and truth,

Were precious, and inculcated with care,

There dwelt a fage call'd Discipline. His head,

Not yet by time completely filver'd o'er,

Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,

But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.

His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile

Play'd on his lips; and in his speech was heard

Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.

The occupation dearest to his heart Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke The head of modest and ingenuous worth, That blush'd at its own praise; and press the youth Close to his fide that pleas'd him. Learning grew, Beneath his care, a thriving vig'rous plant; The mind was well inform'd, the passions held Subordinate, and diligence was choice. If e'er it chanc'd, as fometimes chance it must, That one among fo many overleap'd The limits of controul, his gentle eye Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke: His frown was full of terror, and his voice Shook the delinquent with fuch fits of awe As left him not, till penitence had won Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach. But Discipline, a faithful servant long, Declin'd at length into the vale of years: A palfy struck his arm; his sparkling eye Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, unstrung,

Grew tremulous, and mov'd derifion more Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth. So colleges and halls neglected much Their good old friend; and Discipline at length, O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell fick and died. Then fludy languish'd, emulation slept, And virtue fled. The schools became a scene Of folemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts, His cap well lin'd with logic not his own, With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part, Proceeding foon a graduated dunce. Then compromise had place, and scrutiny Became stone-blind; precedence went in truck, And he was competent whose purse was so. A diffolution of all bonds enfued; The curbs, invented for the mulish mouth Of head-strong youth, were broken; bars and bolts Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch; 'Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,

The taffell'd cap and the spruce band a jest, A mock'ry of the world! What need of these For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure, Spendthrifts, and booted fportsmen, oft'ner seen With belted waift and pointers at their heels Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd, If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot; And fuch expense as pinches parents blue, And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love. Is fquander'd in pursuit of idle sports And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name, That fits a stigma on his father's house, And cleaves through life inseparably close To him that wears it. What can after-games Of riper joys, and commerce with the world, The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon, Add to fuch erudition, thus acquir'd, Where science and where virtue are profess'd? They may confirm his habits, rivet fast His folly, but to spoil him is a task

That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs

Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.

Now, blame we most the nurshings or the nurse?

The children, crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,

Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye

And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?

The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,

She needs herself correction; needs to learn,

That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,

With things so sacred as a nation's trust,

The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once—
Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,

A man of letters, and of manners too!

Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,

When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles.

He grac'd a college *, in which order yet

^{*} Ben'et Coll. Cambridge.

Was facred; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept, By more than one, themselves conspicuous there. Some minds are temper'd happily, and mixt With fuch ingredients of good fense and tafte Of what is excellent in man, they thirst With fuch a zeal to be what they approve, That no restraints can circumscribe them more Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake; Nor can example hurt them. What they fee Of vice in others but enhancing more The charms of virtue in their just esteem. If fuch escape contagion, and emerge Pure, from fo foul a pool, to shine abroad, And give the world their talents and themselves, Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth Expos'd their inexperience to the fnare, And left them to an undirected choice.

See, then, the quiver broken and decay'd, In which are kept our arrows! Rusting there In wild disorder, and unfit for use,

What wonder is, discharg'd into the world,

They shame their shooters with a random slight,

Their points obtuse, and seathers drunk with wine!

Well may the church wage unsuccessful war,

With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide

Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,

And stands an impudent and searless mark,

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mourns—
Mourns, because ev'ry plague that can insest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of th' edifice that policy has rais'd,
Swarms in all quarters; meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found, too, where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the rob'd pedagogue! Else, let th' arraign'd

Stand up unconscious, and resute the charge.

So, when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,
And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,

Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Ægypt: gardens, sields, and plains,

Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were fill'd;

The croaking nuisance lurk'd in ev'ry nook;

Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd;
And the land stank—so num'rous was the fry.

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ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK,

Self-recollection and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise.—Justification of my censures.—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions.—Domestic happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouse.—Sowing of slower-seeds.—The country preferable to the town even in the winter:—Reasons why it is deserted at that season.—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expensive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

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BOOK III.

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THE GARDEN.

As one who, long in thickets and in brakes

Entangled, winds now this way and now that

His devious course uncertain, seeking home;

Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd

And sore discomsited, from slough to slough

Plunging, and half despairing of escape;

If chance at length he find a greensward smooth

And saithful to the foot, his spirits rise,

He chirrups brisk his ear-erecting steed,

And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;

So I, designing other themes, and call'd

T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due, To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams, Have rambled wide. In country, city, feat Of academic fame (howe'er deferv'd), Long held, and scarcely disengag'd at last. But now, with pleasant pace, a cleanlier road I mean to tread. I feel myself at large, Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil, If toil await me, or if dangers new,

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Since pulpits fail, and founding-boards reflect Most part an empty ineffectual found, What chance that I, to fame so little known, Nor conversant with men or manners much, Should speak to purpose, or with better hope Crack the fatiric thong? 'Twere wifer far For me, enamour'd of fequester'd scenes, And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose, Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine, My languid limbs, when fummer fears the plains;

Or, when rough winter rages, on the foft
And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue slame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undisturb'd by folly, and appriz'd
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or at least consine
Remarks that gall so many to the sew
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is ost-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Though sew now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,

Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again. Thou art not known where pleasure is ador'd, That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm Of novelty, her fickle frail support; For thou art meek and constant, hating change, And finding, in the calm of truth-tried love, Joys that her ftormy raptures never yield. Forfaking thee, what shipwreck have we made Of honour, dignity, and fair renown! Till proftitution elbows us afide In all our crowded streets; and senates seem Conven'd for purposes of empire less Than to release th' adultress from her bond. Th' adultress! what a theme for angry verse! What provocation to th' indignant heart That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain The nauseous task to paint her as she is, Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame! No:-let her pass, and, chariotted along

In guilty splendour, shake the public ways; The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white! And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch, Whom matrons now, of character unfmirch'd, And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own. Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time, Not to be pass'd: and she, that had renounc'd Her fex's honour, was renounc'd herfelf By all that priz'd it; not for prud'ry's fake, But dignity's, resentful of the wrong. 'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif, Desirous to return, and not receiv'd; But was an wholesome rigour in the main, And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care That purity, whose loss was loss of all. Men, too, were nice in honour in those days, And judg'd offenders well. Then he that sharp'd, And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd, population A Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that fold His country, or was flack when she requir'd

Long finer; with many ac arrow deep inflat-

His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch, Paid, with the blood that he had bafely fpar'd, The price of his default. But now-yes, now We are become fo candid and fo fair, So lib'ral in construction, and so rich In Christian charity, (good-natur'd age!) That they are fafe, finners of either fex, Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well bred, Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough To pass us readily through ev'ry door. Hypocrify, deteft her as we may, (And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet) May claim this merit still—that she admits The worth of what she mimics with such care, And thus gives virtue indirect applause; But she has burnt her mask, not needed here, Where vice has fuch allowance, that her shifts And specious semblances have lost their use.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt, til.

My panting fide was charg'd, when I withdrew To feek a tranquil death in diffant shades. There was I found by one who had himself Been hurt by th' archers. In his fide he bore, And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars. With gentle force foliciting the darts, He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live. Since then, with few affociates, in remote And filent woods I wander, far from those My former partners of the peopled scene; With few affociates, and not wishing more. Here much I ruminate, as much I may, With other views of men and manners now Than once, and others of a life to come. I fee that all are wand'rers, gone aftray Each in his own delufions; they are loft In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd And never won. Dream after dream ensues: And still they dream that they shall still succeed, And still are disappointed. Rings the world VOL. II.

With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind, And add two thirds of the remaining half, And find the total of their hopes and fears Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay As if created only like the fly, That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon, To fport their season, and be seen no more. The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wife, And pregnant with discov'ries new and rare. Some write a narrative of wars, and feats Of heroes little known; and call the rant An history: describe the man, of whom His own coevals took but little note: And paint his person, character, and views, As they had known him from his mother's womb-They difentangle from the puzzled skein, In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up, The threads of politic and shrewd design, That ran through all his purposes, and charge His mind with meanings that he never had,

Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore The folid earth, and from the strata there Extract a register, by which we learn, That he who made it, and reveal'd its date To Moses, was mistaken in its age. Some, more acute, and more industrious still, Contrive creation; travel nature up To the sharp peak of her sublimest height, And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd, And planetary fome; what gave them first Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light. Great contest follows, and much learned dust Involves the combatants; each claiming truth, And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp, In playing tricks with nature, giving laws To diftant worlds, and trifling in their own. Is 't not a pity now, that tickling rheums Should ever teafe the lungs and blear the fight Of oracles like these? Great pity too,

That, having wielded th' elements, and built A thousand systems, each in his own way, They should go out in fume, and be forgot? Ah! what is life thus fpent? and what are they But frantic who thus fpend it? all for fmoke-Eternity for bubbles, proves at last A fenfeless bargain. When I see such games Play'd by the creatures of a pow'r who fwears That he will judge the earth, and call the fool To a sharp reck'ning that has liv'd in vain; And when I weigh this feeming wisdom well, And prove it in th' infallible refult So hollow and fo false—I feel my heart Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd, If this be learning, most of all deceiv'd. Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps While thoughtful man is plaufibly amus'd. Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I, From reveries fo airy, from the toil

Of dropping buckets into empty wells,

And growing old in drawing nothing up!

'Twere well, fays one fage erudite, profound, Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose, And overbuilt with most impending brows, 'Twere well, could you permit the world to live As the world pleases. What's the world to you?— Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk, As fweet as charity, from human breafts. I think, articulate, I laugh and weep, And exercise all functions of a man. How then should I and any man that lives Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein, Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there, And catechife it well; apply thy glass, Search it, and prove now if it be not blood Congenial with thine own: and, if it be, What edge of fubtlety canst thou suppose Keen enough, wife and skilful as thou art,

To cut the link of brotherhood, by which

One common Maker bound me to the kind?

True; I am no proficient, I confess,

In arts like your's. I cannot call the swift

And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,

And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath;

I cannot analyse the air, nor catch

The parallax of yonder luminous point,

That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss:

Such pow'rs I boast not—neither can I rest

A silent witness of the headlong rage

Or heedless folly by which thousands die,

Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.

God never meant that man should scale the heav'ns
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wond'rous, he commands us in his word
To seek bim rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause

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The grand effect; acknowledges with joy His manner, and with rapture tastes his style. But never yet did philosophic tube, That brings the planets home into the eye Of observation, and discovers, else Not visible, his family of worlds, Discover him that rules them; such a veil Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth, And dark in things divine. Full often, too, Our wayward intellect, the more we learn Of nature, overlooks her author more; From instrumental causes proud to draw Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake. But, if his word once teach us, shoot a ray Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal Truths undifcern'd but by that holy light, Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd In the pure fountain of eternal love, Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all she sees As meant to indicate a God to man,

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Gives bim his praise, and forfeits not her own.

Learning has born such fruit in other days

On all her branches: piety has found

Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r

Has slow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.

Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!

Sagacious reader of the works of God,

And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,

Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,

And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom

Our British Themis gloried with just cause,

Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,

And sound integrity, not more than sam'd

For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades

Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind;

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:

The man we celebrate must find a tomb,

And we that worship him ignoble graves.

Nothing is proof against the gen'ral curse Of vanity, that feizes all below. The only amaranthine flow'r on earth Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth. But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's question, put To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply. And wherefore? will not God impart his light To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy, His glory, and his nature, to impart. But to the proud, uncandid, infincere, Or negligent, inquirer not a spark. What's that which brings contempt upon a book, And him who writes it; though the style be neat, The method clear, and argument exact? That makes a minister in holy things The joy of many, and the dread of more, His name a theme for praise and for reproach? That, while it gives us worth in God's account, Depreciates and undoes us in our own? What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,

But what is truck? I trues Filiate's quedion; put

That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the despis'd of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and sew taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
Ev'n as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradise, (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty lest)
Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By ev'ry pleasing image they present,
Resections such as meliorate the heart,

Compose the passions, and exalt the mind; Scenes fuch as these 'tis his supreme delight' To fill with riot, and defile with blood. Should fome contagion, kind to the poor brutes We perfecute, annihilate the tribes That draw the sportsman over hill and dale, Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares; Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again, Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye; Could pageantry and dance, and feaft and fong, Be quell'd in all our fummer-months' retreat; How many felf-deluded nymphs and fwains, Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves, Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the spleen, And crowd the roads, impatient for the town! They love the country, and none elfe, who feek For their own fake its filence and its shade. Delights which who would leave, that has a heart Susceptible of pity, or a mind Cultur'd and capable of fober thought, For all the favage din of the fwift pack, And clamours of the field?—Detested sport, That owes its pleasures to another's pain; That feeds upon the fobs and dying shrieks Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endu'd With eloquence, that agonies inspire, Of filent tears and heart-distending sighs? Vain tears, alas, and fighs, that never find A corresponding tone in jovial fouls! Well—one at least is fafe. One shelter'd hare Has never heard the fanguinary yell Of cruel man, exulting in her woes. Innocent partner of my peaceful home, Whom ten long years' experience of my care Has made at last familiar; she has lost Much of her vigilant instinctive dread, Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine. Yes—thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand That feeds thee; thou may'ft frolic on the floor At evening, and at night retire secure

To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;

For I have gain'd thy considence, have pledg'd

All that is human in me to protect

Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.

If I survive thee I will dig thy grave;

And, when I place thee in it, sighing, say,

I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

How various his employments, whom the world Calls idle; and who justly, in return,

Esteems that busy world an idler too!

Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,

Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,

And nature in her cultivated trim

Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—

Can he want occupation who has these?

Will he be idle who has much t'enjoy?

Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,

Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,

Not waste it; and aware that human life

Is but a loan to be repaid with use, When He shall call his debtors to account From whom are all our bleffings; bus'ness finds Ev'n here: while fedulous I feek t' improve, At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd, The mind he gave me; driving it, though flack Too oft, and much impeded in its work By causes not to be divulg'd in vain, To its just point—the service of mankind. He that attends to his interior felf, That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind That hungers, and fupplies it; and who feeks A focial, not a diffipated life, Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve No unimportant, though a filent, task. A life all turbulence and noise may seem, To him that leads it, wife, and to be prais'd; But wisdom is a pearl with most success Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies. He that is ever occupied in storms,

Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the felf-fequefter'd man Fresh for his task, intend what task he may. Whether inclement feasons recommend His warm but simple home, where he enjoys, With her who shares his pleasures and his heart, Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph Which neatly she prepares; then to his book, Well chosen, and not fullenly perus'd In felfish silence, but imparted oft As aught occurs that she may smile to hear, Or turn to nourishment, digested well. Or, if the garden with its many cares, All well repaid, demand him, he attends The welcome call, confcious how much the hand Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye, Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erfeen, Or misapplying his unskilful strength.

Nor does he govern only or direct, But much performs himself. No works indeed That ask robust tough sinews, bred to toil, Servile employ; but fuch as may amuse, Not tire, demanding rather skill than force. Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees That meet (no barren interval between) With pleasure more than ev'n their fruits afford, Which, fave himself who trains them, none can feel: These, therefore, are his own peculiar charge; No meaner hand may discipline the shoots, None but his steel approach them. What is weak, Diftemper'd, or has loft prolific pow'rs, Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand Dooms to the knife: nor does he spare the soft And fucculent, that feeds its giant growth, But barren, at th' expence of neighb'ring twigs Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left That may disgrace his art, or disappoint

Large expectation, he disposes neat At measur'd distances, that air and sun, Admitted freely, may afford their aid, And ventilate and warm the fwelling buds. Hence fummer has her riches, autumn hence, And hence ev'n winter fills his wither'd hand With blushing fruits, and plenty, not his own*. Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd, And wife precaution; which a clime fo rude Makes needful still, whose spring is but the child Of churlish winter, in her froward moods Discov'ring much the temper of her fire. For oft, as if in her the stream of mild Maternal nature had revers'd its course. She brings her infants forth with many fmiles; But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown. He, therefore, timely warn'd, himself supplies Her want of care, screening and keeping warm The plenteous bloom, that no rough blaft may fweep

^{*} Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma. VIRG.

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II JOY

His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft

As the fun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,

The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,

And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

Hence dummer has her richer, autumn

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but just matur'd,
And at this moment unassay'd in song.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
Their eulogy; those sang the Mantuan bard,
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains;
And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye
The solitary shilling. Pardon then,
Ye sage dispensers of poetic same,
Th' ambition of one, meaner sar, whose pow'rs,
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste

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Of critic appetite, no fordid fare,

A cucumber, while coftly yet and scarce.

The stable yields a stercoraceous heap, Impregnated with quick fermenting falts, And potent to refift the freezing blaft: For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf Deciduous, when now November dark Checks vegetation in the torpid plant Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins. Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed, He feeks a favour'd spot; that where he builds Th' agglomerated pile his frame may front The fun's meridian disk, and at the back Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe. Th' ascending damps; then leifurely impose, And lightly, shaking it with agile hand From the full fork, the faturated straw.

What longest binds the closest forms secure The shapely side, that as it rises takes, By just degrees, an overhanging breadth, Shelt'ring the base with its projected eaves: Th' uplifted frame, compact at ev'ry joint, And overlaid with clear translucent glass, He fettles next upon the floping mount, Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls. He shuts it close, and the first labour ends. Thrice must the voluble and restless earth Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth, Slow gathering in the midft, through the square mass Diffus'd, attain the furface: when, behold! A pestilent and most corrosive steam, Like a groß fog Bœotian, rifing fast, And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash, Asks egress; which obtain'd, the overcharg'd And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad, In volumes wheeling flow, the vapour dank;

And, purified, rejoices to have lost Its foul inhabitant. But to affuage Th' impatient fervour which it first conceives Within its reeking bosom, threat'ning death To his young hopes, requires discreet delay. Experience, flow preceptress, teaching oft The way to glory by miscarriage foul, Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch Th' auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat, Friendly to vital motion, may afford Soft fomentation, and invite the feed. The feed, felected wifely, plump, and fmooth, And gloffy, he commits to pots of fize Diminutive, well fill'd with well-prepar'd And fruitful foil, that has been treasur'd long, And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds: These on the warm and genial earth, that hides The fmoking manure and o'erspreads it all, He places lightly, and, as time fubdues The rage of fermentation, plunges deep

In the foft medium, till they stand immers'd. Then rife the tender germs, upftarting quick, had a And spreading wide their spongy lobes; at first Pale, wan, and livid; but affurning foon, If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air, Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green, Two leaves produc'd, two rough indented leaves, Cautious he pinches from the fecond stalk A pimple, that portends a future sprout, And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed The branches, flurdy to his utmost wish; Prolific all, and harbingers of more. The crowded roots demand enlargement now, And transplantation in an ampler space. Indulg'd in what they wish, they soon supply Large foliage, overshadowing golden flow'rs, Blown on the fummit of th' apparent fruit. These have their sexes; and, when summer shines, The bee transports the fertilizing meal From flow'r to flow'r, and ey'n the breathing air

Secretic would exclaim, and judge the forg

11

Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use.

Not so when winter scowls. Affistant art

Then acts in nature's office, brings to pass

The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.

Grudge not, ye rich, (fince luxury must have
His dainties, and the world's more num'rous half
Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,
That day and night are exercis'd, and hang
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,
That ye may garnish your profuse regales
With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns.
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming slies,
Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,

Lives by contriving defluxes

Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts

Which he that fights a season so severe

Devises, while he guards his tender trust;

And oft, at last, in vain. The learn'd and wise

Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song

Cold as its theme, and, like its theme, the fruit

Of too much labour, worthless when produc'd.

Who loves a garden loves a green-house too.

Unconscious of a less propitious clime,

There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,

While the winds whistle and the snows descend.

The spiry myrtle with unwith ring leaf

Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast

Of Portugal and western India there,

The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,

Peep through their polish'd soliage at the storm,

And seem to smile at what they need not sear.

Th' amomum there with intermingling slow'rs

And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts

Her crimfon honours, and the spangled beau, Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long. All plants, of ev'ry leaf, that can endure The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite. Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims, Levantine regions these; th' Azores fend Their jessamine, her jessamine remote Caffraia: foreigners from many lands, They form one focial shade, as if conven'd By magic furnmons of th' Orphean lyre. Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass But by a mafter's hand, disposing well The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r, Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms, And drefs the regular yet various fcene. Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand. So once were rang'd the fons of ancient Rome, A noble show! while Roscius trod the stage; And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,

The fons of Albion; fearing each to lofe Some note of Nature's music from his lips, And covetous of Shakespeare's beauty, seen and the In ev'ry flash of his far-beaming eye. Nor tafte alone and well-contriv'd display Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace Of their complete effect. Much yet remains Unfung, and many cares are yet behind, And more laborious; cares on which depend Their vigour, injur'd foon, not foon restor'd. The foil must be renew'd, which, often wash'd, Loses its treasure of falubrious falts, and and and And disappoints the roots; the slender roots Close interwoven, where they meet the vase, Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch Must fly before the knife; the wither'd leaf Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else Contagion, and differninating death. Discharge but these kind offices, (and who

And fo, while Garriels, as renover'd as he,

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Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleas'd,
The scent regal'd, each odoris' rous leas,
Each op'ning blossom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.

So manifold, all pleafing in their kind,
All healthful, are th' employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
That, softly swell'd and gaily dress'd, appears
A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
And forted hues (each giving each relief,
And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;

But elegance, chief grace the garden shows, And most attractive, is the fair result Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind. Without it all is gothic as the scene To which th' infipid citizen reforts Near yonder heath; where industry mispent, But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task, Has made a heav'n on earth; with funs and moons Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' encumber'd soil, And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust. He, therefore, who would fee his flow'rs dispos'd Sightly and in just order, ere he gives The beds the trusted treasure of their feeds, Forecasts the future whole; that, when the scene Shall break into its preconceiv'd display, Each for itself, and all as with one voice Conspiring, may attest his bright defign. Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd His pleasant work, may he suppose it done. Few felf-supported flow'rs endure the wind

Uninjur'd, but expect th' upholding aid Of the fmooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied, Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age, For int'rest fake, the living to the dead. Some clothe the foil that feeds them, far diffus'd And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair, Like virtue, thriving most where little feen: Some, more aspiring, catch the neighbour shrub With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch, Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well The strength they borrow with the grace they lend. All hate the rank fociety of weeds, Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust Th' impov'rish'd earth; an overbearing race, That, like the multitude made faction-mad, Difturb good order, and degrade true worth.

Oh, blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat

Cannot indeed to guilty man restore and the same Lost innocence, or cancel follies past; But it has peace, and much secures the mind From all affaults of evil; proving still A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease By vicious cuftom, raging uncontroll'd Abroad, and defolating public life. When fierce temptation, feconded within By traitor appetite, and arm'd with darts Temper'd in hell, invades the throbbing breaft, To combat may be glorious, and fuccess Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is fafe. Had I the choice of fublunary good, What could I wish, that I possess not here? Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace, No loose or wanton, though a wand'ring, muse, And constant occupation without care. Thus bleft, I draw a picture of that blifs; Hopeless, indeed, that diffipated minds, And profligate abusers of a world A

Created fair fo much in vain for them, Should feek the guiltless joys that I describe, Allur'd by my report: but fure no less, That, felf-condemn'd, they must neglect the prize, And what they will not taste must yet approve. What we admire we praise; and, when we praise, Advance it into notice, that, its worth Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too. I therefore recommend, though at the rifk Of popular difgust, yet boldly still, The cause of piety and sacred truth, And virtue, and those scenes which God ordain'd Should best secure them and promote them most; Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive Forfaken, or through folly not enjoy'd. Pure is the nymph, though lib'ral of her fmiles, And chafte, though unconfin'd, whom I extol. Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd, Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth To grace the full pavilion. His defign

Was but to boast his own peculiar good, Which all might view with envy, none partake. My charmer is not mine alone; my fweets, And she that fweetens all my bitters too, Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form And lineaments divine I trace a hand That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd, Is free to all men—universal prize. Strange that so fair a creature should yet want Admirers, and be destin'd to divide With meaner objects ev'n the few she finds! Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flow'rs, She loses all her influence. Cities then Attract us, and neglected Nature pines, Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love. But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd By roses; and clear suns, though scarcely felt; And groves, if unharmonious, yet fecure From clamour, and whose very silence charms; To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse

That Metropolitan volcanos make, Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long; And to the stir of commerce, driving flow, And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels? They would be, were not madness in the head, And folly in the heart; were England now What England was; plain, hospitable, kind, And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell To all the virtues of those better days, And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once Knew their own masters; and laborious hinds, Who had furviv'd the father, ferv'd the fon. Now the legitimate and rightful lord Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd, And foon to be supplanted. He that saw His patrimonial timber cast its leaf, Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again. Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon awhile, Then advertis'd, and auctioneer'd away.

The country starves, and they that feed th' o'ercharg'd And furfeited lewd town with her fair dues, By a just judgment strip and starve themselves. The wings that waft our riches out of fight Grow on the gamester's elbows; and th' alert And nimble motion of those restless joints, That never tire, foon fans them all away. Improvement too, the idol of the age, Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes! Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears! Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race, But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead, But in a distant spot; where, more expos'd, It may enjoy th' advantage of the north, And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove. He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn; Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise; And streams, as if created for his use,

Purfue the track of his directing wand, Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now flow, Now murm'ring foft, now roaring in cascades— Ev'n as he bids! Th' enraptur'd owner fmiles. 'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems, Still wants a grace, the lovelieft it could show, A mine to fatisfy th' enormous cost. Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth, He fighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd plan That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day Labour'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams, Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the heav'n He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy! And now perhaps the glorious hour is come, When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear Her int'rests, or that gives her facred cause A moment's operation on his love, He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal To ferve his country. Ministerial grace Deals him out money from the public cheft;

Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse
Supplies his need with an usurious loan,
To be refunded duly when his vote,
Well-manag'd, shall have earn'd its worthy price.
Oh innocent, compar'd with arts like these,
Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball
Sent through the trav'ller's temples! He that finds
One drop of heav'n's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content,
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and fick'ning at his own success.

Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd

By endless riot, vanity, the lust

Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,

As duly as the swallows disappear,

The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town.

London ingulphs them all! The shark is there, And the shark's prey; the spendthrift, and the leech That fucks him. There the fycophant, and he Who, with bare-headed and obsequious bows, Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail And groat per diem, if his patron frown. The levee fwarms, as if, in golden pomp, Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door, "BATTER'D AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE." These are the charms that fully and eclipse The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe That lean hard-handed poverty inflicts, The hope of better things, the chance to win, The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd, That at the found of winter's hoary wing Unpeople all our counties of fuch herds Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loofe And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

Oh thou, refort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain:

Aspectate all our countries of fuch herds

Of any rion, leithing, examing, bengings

And wanton vactants of the London year

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH LOOK.

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ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The post comes in.—The news-paper is read.—The world contemplated at a distance.—Address to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to evening.—A brown study.—Fall of snow in the evening.—The waggoner.
—A poor family-piece.—The rural thief.—Public bouses.—The multitude of them censured.—The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transformation.—Restection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

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And, having dropp'd til expelled bay, privad bank

Cold and we specially me hager of

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Bleche, deaths, and matter;

Floules in affect,

Fall as the terrior

T A S K.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry slood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reslected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;

And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on. He whiftles as he goes, light-hearted wretch, Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some; To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy. Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks, Births, deaths, and marriages, epiftles wet With tears, that trickled down the writers' cheeks Fast as the periods from his fluent quill, Or charg'd with am'rous fighs of absent swains, Or nymphs responsive, equally affect His horse and him, unconscious of them all. But oh th' important budget! usher'd in With fuch heart-shaking music, who can fay What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd? Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd, Snore to the murmurs of th' atlantic wave? Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace, Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,

The logic, and the wifdom, and the wit,

And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;

I burn to fet th' imprison'd wranglers free,

And give them voice and utt'rance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,

Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,

So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face

Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd

And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,

Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:

Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,

And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath

Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,

Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

What is it, but a map of ?

This folio of four pages, happy work! Which not ev'n critics criticife; that holds Inquisitive attention, while I read, Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair, Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break; What is it, but a map of bufy life, Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns? Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge That tempts ambition. On the fummit fee The feals of office glitter in his eyes; He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels, Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends, And with a dext'rous jerk foon twifts him down, And wins them, but to lose them in his turn. Here rills of oily eloquence in foft Meanders lubricate the course they take; The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd T' engross a moment's notice, and yet begs, Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts, However trivial all that he conceives.

Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise; The dearth of information and good fense That it foretells us always comes to pass. Cat'racts of declamation thunder here; There forests of no meaning spread the page, In which all comprehension wanders, lost; While fields of pleafantry amuse us there With merry descants on a nation's woes. The rest appears a wilderness of strange But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks, And lilies for the brows of faded age, Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald, Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets, Nectareous effences, Olympian dews, Sermons, and city feafts, and fav'rite airs, Æthereal journies, submarine exploits, And Katterfelto, with his hair on end At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat. To peep at such a world; to see the stir

From flow'r to flow'r.

Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd; To hear the roar she sends through all her gates At a fafe distance, where the dying found Falls a foft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear. Thus fitting, and furveying thus at ease The globe and its concerns, I feem advanc'd To fome secure and more than mortal height, That lib'rates and exempts me from them all. It turns fubmitted to my view, turns round With all its generations; I behold The tumult, and am still. The found of war Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me; Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride And av'rice that make man a wolf to man; Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats By which he speaks the language of his heart, And figh, but never tremble at the found. He travels and expatiates, as the bee From flow'r to flow'r, fo he from land to land; The manners, customs, policy, of all

l'o peep at fuch a world; to fer the filt

Pay contribution to the store he gleans;

He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,

And spreads the honey of his deep research

At his return—a rich repast for me.

He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,

Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes

Discover countries, with a kindred heart

Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;

While fancy, like the singer of a clock,

Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Oh Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,

Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,

Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks

Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,

A leastless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,

But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,

I crown thee king of inturnate del

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And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'ft the fun A pris'ner in the yet undawning east, Short'ning his journey between morn and noon, And hurrying him, impatient of his stay, Down to the rofy west; but kindly still Compensating his loss with added hours Of focial converse and instructive ease, And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group The family dispers'd, and fixing thought, Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares. I crown thee king of intimate delights, Fire-fide enjoyments, home-born happiness, And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undifturb'd retirement, and the hours Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know. No ratt'ling wheels stop short before these gates; No powder'd pert proficient in the art Of founding an alarm affaults these doors Till the street rings; no stationary steeds Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound, The filent circle fan themselves, and quake: But here the needle plies its bufy tafk, The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r, Wrought patiently into the fnowy lawn, Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs, And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd, Follow the nimble finger of the fair; A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow With most success when all besides decay. The poet's or historian's page, by one Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest; The fprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet founds The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out; And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct, And in the charming strife triumphant still; Beguile the night, and fet a keener edge On female industry: the threaded steel Flies swiftly, and, unfelt, the task proceeds. The volume clos'd, the customary rites Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;

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Such as the mistress of the world once found Delicious, when her patriots of high note, Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors, And under an old oak's domestic shade, Enjoy'd—spare feast!—a radish and an egg! Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull, Nor fuch as with a frown forbids the play Of fancy, or profcribes the found of mirth: Nor do we madly, like an impious world, Who deem religion frenzy, and the God That made them an intruder on their joys, Start at his awful name, or deem his praise A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone, Exciting oft our gratitude and love, While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing wand, That calls the past to our exact review, The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare, The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found Unlook'd for, life preferv'd and peace reftor'd-Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Oh ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd

The Sabine bard. Oh ev'nings, I reply,

More to be priz'd and coveted than your's,

As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,

That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?

Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,

The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,

To thaw him into feeling; or the smart

And snappish dialogue, that slippant wits

Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?

The self-complacent actor, when he views

(Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)

The slope of faces, from the sloor to th' roof,

(As if one master-spring controul'd them all)

Relax'd into an universal grin,

Sees not a count'nance there that speaks a joy

Half so refin'd or so sincere as our's.

Cards were superst'ous here, with all the tricks

That idleness has ever yet contriv'd To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain, To palliate dulness, and give time a shove. Time, as he paffes us, has a dove's wing, Unfoil'd, and fwift, and of a filken found; But the world's time is time in masquerade! Their's, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red With spots quadrangular of di'mond form, Enfanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife, And fpades, the emblem of untimely graves. What should be and what was an hour-glass once, Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mast Well does the work of his destructive scythe. Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most; Whose only happy are their wasted hours. Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore The back-ftring and the bib, assume the dress

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Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school Of card-devoted time, and, night by night, Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board, Learn ev'ry trick, and foon play all the game. But truce with cenfure. Roving as I rove, Where shall I find an end, or how proceed? As he that travels far oft turns afide To view fome rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r, Which, feen, delights him not; then, coming home, Describes and prints it, that the world may know How far he went for what was nothing worth; So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread, With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use, Paint cards and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night

Treads on thy fweeping train; one hand employ'd In letting fall the curtain of repose On bird and beaft, the other charg'd for man With fweet oblivion of the cares of day: Not fumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid, Like homely featur'd night, of clust'ring gems; A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow, Suffices thee; fave that the moon is thine No less than her's, not worn indeed on high With oftentatious pageantry, but fet With modest grandeur in thy purple zone, Resplendent less, but of an ampler round. Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm, Or make me fo. Composure is thy gift: And, whether I devote thy gentle hours To books, to music, or the poet's toil; To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit; Or twining filken threads round iv'ry reels, When they command whom man was born to please; I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze With lights, by clear reflection multiplied From many a mirror, in which he of Gath, Goliath, might have feen his giant bulk Whole, without flooping, tow'ring crest and all, My pleasures, too, begin. But me, perhaps, The glowing hearth may fatisfy awhile With faint illumination, that uplifts The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame, Not undelightful is an hour to me So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind, The mind contemplative, with fome new theme Pregnant, or indifpos'd alike to all. Laugh ye, who boaft your more mercurial pow'rs, That never feel a stupor, know no pause, Nor need one; I am confcious, and confess, Fearless, a foul that does not always think, Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,

Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs, Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd In the red cinders, while with poring eye I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw. Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd The footy films that play upon the bars, Pendulous, and foreboding, in the view Of fuperstition, prophefying still, Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near approach. 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose In indolent vacuity of thought, And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask Of deep deliberation, as the man Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost, Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour At ev'ning, till at length the freezing blaft, That fweeps the bolted shutter, summons home The recollected pow'rs; and, fnapping short The glaffy threads, with which the fancy weaves

BOOK IV. THE WINTER EVENING.

Her brittle toys, restores me to myself. How calm is my recess; and how the frost, Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear The filence and the warmth enjoy'd within! I faw the woods and fields, at close of day, A variegated show; the meadows green, Though faded; and the lands, where lately wav'd The golden harvest, of a mellow brown, Upturn'd fo lately by the forceful share. I faw far off the weedy fallows fmile With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves, That fkirt th' horizon, wore a fable hue, Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve. To-morrow brings a change, a total change! Which even now, though filently perform'd, And flowly, and by most unfelt, the face Of univerfal nature undergoes. Fast falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes,

Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,

Softly alighting upon all below,

Assimilate all objects. Earth receives

Gladly the thick'ning mantle; and the green

And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,

Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In fuch a world; fo thorny, and where none

Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,

Without some thistly forrow at its side;

It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin

Against the law of love, to measure lots

With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus

We may with patience bear our moderate ills,

And sympathize with others, suffering more.

Ill sares the traveller now, and he that stalks

In ponderous boots beside his recking tearn.

The wain goes heavily, impeded fore

By congregated loads adhering close

To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish pace,

Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow. The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide, While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong Forc'd downward, is confolidated foon Upon their jutting chefts. He, form'd to bear The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night, With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth Presented bare against the storm, plods on. One hand fecures his hat, fave when with both He brandishes his pliant length of whip, Refounding oft, and never heard in vain. Oh happy; and, in my account, denied That fensibility of pain with which Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou! Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd. The learned finger never need explore Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east, That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.

Thy days roll on, exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat;
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewise trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brush-wood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The sew small embers less the nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands

And crowded knees, fit cow'ring o'er the sparks, Retires, content to quake, fo they be warm'd. The man feels leaft, as more inur'd than she To winter, and the current in his veins More brifkly mov'd by his feverer toil; Yet he, too, finds his own diffress in their's. The taper foon extinguish'd, which I saw Dangled along at the cold finger's end Just when the day declin'd, and the brown loaf Lodg'd on the shelf, half-eaten, without fauce Of fav'ry cheefe, or butter, coftlier still; Sleep feems their only refuge: for, alas, Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd, And fweet colloquial pleasures are but few! With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care Ingenious parlimony takes but just Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool, Skillet, and old carv'd cheft, from public fale. They live, and live without extorted alms From grudging hands; but other boast have none

To footh their honest pride, that scorns to beg, Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love. I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair, For ye are worthy; choosing rather far A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd, And eaten with a figh, than to endure The rugged frowns and infolent rebuffs Of knaves in office, partial in the work Of distribution; lib'ral of their aid To clam'rous importunity in rags, But oft-times deaf to suppliants, who would blush To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse, Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth: These ask with painful shyness, and, refus'd Because deserving, filently retire! But be ye of good courage! Time itself Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase; And all your num'rous progeny, well-train'd, But helpless, in few years shall find their hands, And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want

What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,

Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.

I mean the man, who, when the distant poor

Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-insticted woe;
Th' effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil—
An ass's burden—and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of soot, steals sast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard

F

The well-flack'd pile of riven logs and roots From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave Unwrench'd the door, however well fecur'd, Where chanticleer amidst his haram sleeps In unsuspecting pomp. Twitch'd from the perch, He gives the princely bird, with all his wives, To his voracious bag, ftruggling in vain, And loudly wond'ring at the fudden change.— Nor this to feed his own! 'Twere some excuse Did pity of their fuff'rings warp afide His principle, and tempt him into fin For their support, so destitute.—But they Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more Expos'd than others, with less scruple made His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all. Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst Of ruinous ebriety that prompts His ev'ry action, and imbrutes the man. Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck Who starves his own; who perfecutes the blood He gave them in his children's veins, and hates And wrongs the woman he has fworn to love!

Pass where we may, through city or through town, Village, or hamlet, of this merry land, Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes That law has licens'd, as makes temp'rance reel. There fit, involv'd and loft in curling clouds Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor, The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil; Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears, And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike, All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle fcreams Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd Its wasted tones and harmony unheard: Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while she, Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,

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Perch'd on the fign-post, holds with even hand Her undecifive scales. In this she lays A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride; And fmiles, delighted with th' eternal poife. Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin found The cheek-diftending oath, not to be prais'd As ornamental, mufical, polite, Like those which modern fenators employ, Whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame! Behold the schools in which plebeian minds, Once simple, are initiated in arts, Which fome may practife with politer grace, But none with readier skill !—'tis here they learn The road that leads, from competence and peace, To indigence and rapine; till at last Society, grown weary of the load, Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out. But censure profits little: vain th' attempt To advertise in verse a public pest, That, like the filth with which the peafant feeds

His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.

Th' excise is fatten'd with the rich result

Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,

For ever dribbling out their base contents,

Touch'd by the Midas singer of the state,

Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.

Drink, and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids!

Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call!

Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fall'n upon those happier days

That poets celebrate; those golden times,

And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,

And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.

Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts

That selt their virtues: innocence, it seems,

From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves

The footsteps of simplicity, impress'd

Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)

Then were not all effac'd: then speech profane, And manners profligate, were rarely found; Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd. Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams Sat for the picture; and the poet's hand, Imparting fubstance to an empty shade, Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth. Grant it:—I still must envy them an age That favour'd fuch a dream; in days like these Impossible, when virtue is so scarce, That to suppose a scene where she presides, Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief. No: we are polish'd now! The rural lass, Whom once her virgin modesty and grace, Her artless manners, and her neat attire, So dignified, that she was hardly less Than the fair shepherdess of old romance, Is feen no more. The character is loft! Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft, And ribbands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,

And magnified beyond all human fize,
Indebted to fome smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows russled, and her tott'ring form
Ill propp'd upon French heels; she might be deem'd
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with soot-boy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!

The town has ting'd the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. The sashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but, alas,
Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now!
Time was when, in the pastoral retreat,
Th' unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
T' invade another's right, or guard their own.

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W

Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale Of midnight murder was a wonder heard With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes. But farewell now to unsuspicious nights, And flumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you fleep, See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care, And drop the night-bolt; -ruffians are abroad; And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat May prove a trumpet, fummoning your ear To horrid founds of hostile feet within. Ev'n day-light has its dangers; and the walk Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once Of other tenants than melodious birds, Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold. Lamented change! to which full many a cause Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires. The course of human things from good to ill, From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails. Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth;

Wealth luxury, and luxury excess; Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague That seizes first the opulent, descends To the next rank contagious, and in time Taints downward all the graduated scale Of order, from the chariot to the plough. The rich, and they that have an arm to check The license of the lowest in degree, Defert their office; and themselves, intent On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus To all the violence of lawless hands Refign the scenes their presence might protect. Authority herself not seldom sleeps, Though refident, and witness of the wrong. The plump convivial parfon often bears The magisterial sword in vain, and lays His rev'rence and his worship both to rest On the same cushion of habitual sloth. Perhaps timidity restrains his arm; When he should strike he trembles, and sets free, Himself enslav'd by terror of the band,
Th' audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that lest it: he has touch'd
Corruption! Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild-sowl or ven'son; and his errand speeds.

But faster far, and more than all the rest,

A noble cause, which none who bears a spark

Of public virtue ever wish'd remov'd,

Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.

'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd

The heart of merit in the meaner class.

Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage

Of those that bear them, in whatever cause, Seem most at variance with all moral good, And incompatible with ferious thought. The clown, the child of nature, without guile, Bleft with an infant's ignorance of all But his own simple pleasures; now and then A wreftling match, a foot-race, or a fair; Is ballotted, and trembles at the news: Sheepish he doffs his har, and, mumbling, swears A bible-oath to be whate'er they pleafe, To do he knows not what! The task perform'd, That instant he becomes the serjeant's care, His pupil, and his torment, and his jest. His awkward gait, his introverted toes, Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks, Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees, Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff, He yet by flow degrees puts off himself, Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well: He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;

He steps right onward, martial in his air, His form, and movement; is as fmart above As meal and larded locks can make him; wears His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace; And, his three years of heroship expir'd, Returns indignant to the flighted plough. He hates the field, in which no fife or drum Attends him; drives his cattle to a march; And fighs for the fmart comrades he has left. 'Twere well if his exterior change were all-But with his clumfy port the wretch has loft His ignorance and harmless manners too! To fwear, to game, to drink; to show at home, By lewdness, idleness, and fabbath-breach, The great proficiency he made abroad; T' aftonish and to grieve his gazing friends; To break fome maiden's and his mother's heart; To be a peft where he was useful once; Are his fole aim, and all his glory, now!

to Carlo credt, his flows becomes a

Man in fociety is like a flow'r X Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone His faculties, expanded in full bloom, Shine out; there only reach their proper use. But man, affociated and leagu'd with man By regal warrant, or felf-join'd by bond For int'rest-sake, or swarming into clans Beneath one head for purposes of war, Like flow'rs felected from the rest, and bound And bundled close to fill some crowded vase, Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd, Contracts defilement not to be endur'd. Hence charter'd boroughs are fuch public plagues; And burghers, men immaculate perhaps In all their private functions, once combin'd, Become a loathfome body, only fit For diffolution, hurtful to the main. Hence merchants, unimpeachable of fin Against the charities of domestic life, Incorporated, feem at once to lofe Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard

For mercy and the common rights of man,

Build sactories with blood, conducting trade

At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe

Of innocent commercial justice red.

Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world

Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,

With all its majesty of thund'ring pomp,

Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,

Is but a school where thoughtlesses is taught

On principle, where soppery atones

For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice.

But, slighted as it is, and by the great

Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,

Infected with the manners and the modes

It knew not once, the country wins me still.

I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,

That slatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,

But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd

My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice Had found me, or the hope of being free. My very dreams were rural; rural, too, The first born efforts of my youthful muse, Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs. No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe Of Tityrus, affembling, as he fang, The ruftic throng beneath his fav'rite beech. Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms: New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue To fpeak its excellence. I danc'd for joy. I marvel'd much that, at so ripe an age As twice fev'n years, his beauties had then first Engag'd my wonder; and, admiring still, And ftill admiring, with regret suppos'd The joy half lost because not sooner found.

There, too, enamour'd of the life I lov'd, Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit Determin'd, and possessing it at last With transports such as favour'd lovers feel, I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known, Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd By modern lights from an erroneous tafte, I cannot but lament thy splendid wit Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools. I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd; Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bow'rs, Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends For a loft world in solitude and verse. 'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works Is an ingredient in the compound man, Infus'd at the creation of the kind. And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout Discriminated each from each, by strokes And touches of his hand, with fo much art Diversified, that two were never found

Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all, That all discern a beauty in his works, And all can taste them: minds that have been form'd And tutor'd, with a relish more exact, But none without fome relish, none unmov'd. It is a flame that dies not even there, Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds, Nor habits of luxurious city-life; Whatever elfe they fmother of true worth In human bosoms; quench it, or abate. The villas with which London stands begirt, Like a fwarth Indian with his belt of beads, Prove it. A breath of unadult'rate air, The glimple of a green patture, how they cheer The citizen, and brace his languid frame! Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town, A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms That foothe the rich possessor; much consol'd, That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint, Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well

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He cultivates. These serve him with a hint That Nature lives; that fight-refreshing green Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear, Though fickly famples of th' exub'rant whole. What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs, The prouder fashes fronted with a range Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed, The Frenchman's * darling? Are they not all proofs That man, immur'd in cities, still retains His inborn inextinguishable thirst Of rural fcenes, compensating his loss By fupplemental shifts, the best he may? The most unfurnish'd with the means of life, And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds To range the fields and treat their lungs with air, Yet feel the burning inftinct: over-head Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick, And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands

* Mignonnette,

In the low vote of ide, that early if

A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

BOOK IV.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health, and ease, And contemplation, heart-confoling joys And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode Of multitudes unknown! hail, rural life! Address himself who will to the pursuit Of honours, or emolument, or fame; I shall not add myself to such a chase, Thwart his attempts, or envy his fuccefs. Some must be great. Great offices will have Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, That lifts him into life; and lets him fall Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill. To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, an heart VOL. II.

To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;

To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;

To artists ingenuity and skill;

To me an unambitious mind, content

In the low vale of life, that early selt

A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long

Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.

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ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog .- The poultry .- Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them. -Wars, whence - And whence monarchy .- The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country. - Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best buman institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.— The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can. - Grace must do it. - The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated .- Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

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BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning; and the fun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leastless wood. His stanting ray
Slides inessectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,

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In spite of gravity, and sage remark That I myself am but a fleeting shade, Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance I view the muscular proportion'd limb Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair, As they defign'd to mock me, at my fide Take step for step; and, as I near approach The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall, Prepost'rous fight! the legs without the man. The verdure of the plain lies buried deep Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents, And coarfer grass, upspearing o'er the rest, Of late unfightly and unfeen, now shine Conspicuous, and, in bright apparel clad And fledg'd with icy feathers, nod fuperb. The cattle mourn in corners where the fence Screens them, and feem half petrified to fleep In unrecumbent fadness. There they wait Their wonted fodder; not like hung'ring man, Fretful if unfupplied; but filent, meek, And patient of the flow-pac'd swain's delay. He from the stack carves out th' accustom'd load, Deep-plunging, and again deep plunging oft, His broad keen knife into the folid mass: Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands, With fuch undeviating and even force He fevers it away: no needless care, Lest storms should overset the leaning pile Deciduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight. Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear, From morn to eve his folitary task. Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur-His dog attends him. Close behind his heel Now creeps he flow; and now, with many a frisk Wide-scamp'ring, fnatches up the drifted snow With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his fnout; Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.

Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught, But now and then with pressure of his thumb T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube That fumes beneath his nofe: the trailing cloud Streams far behind him, fcenting all the air. Now from the rooft, or from the neighb'ring pale, Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam Of fmiling day, they goffip'd fide by fide, Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing, And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood, Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge. The sparrows peep, and quit the shelt'ring eaves To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye The fcatter'd grain; and, thievifhly refolv'd T' escape th' impending famine, often scar'd, As oft return—a pert voracious kind. Clean riddance quickly made, one only care Remains to each—the fearch of funny nook,

Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd To fad necessity, the cock foregoes His wonted strut; and, wading at their head With well-confider'd fleps, feems to refent His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd. How find the myriads, that in fummer cheer The hills and vallies with their ceaseless fongs, Due fustenance, or where subsist they now? Earth yields them nought: th' imprison'd worm is fafe Beneath the frozen clod; all feeds of herbs Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns, That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose) Afford the fmaller minftrels no fupply. The long protracted rigour of the year Thins all their num'rous flocks. In chinks and holes Ten thousand seek an unmolested end, As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die. The very rooks and daws forfake the fields, Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now Repays their labour more; and, perch'd aloft

By the way-fide, or stalking in the path, Lean pensioners upon the trav'ler's track, Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them, Of voided pulse or half-digested grain. The streams are lost amid the splendid blank, O'erwhelming all diffinction. On the flood, Indurated and fixt, the fnowy weight Lies undiffolv'd; while filently beneath, And unperceiv'd, the current steals away. Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel, And wantons in the pebbly gulph below: No frost can bind it there; its utmost force Can but arrest the light and smoky mist That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide. And fee where it has hung th' embroider'd banks With forms fo various, that no pow'rs of art, The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene! Here glitt'ring turrets rise, upbearing high (Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof

Large growth of what may feem the sparkling trees And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd, Shoot into pillars of pellucid length, And prop the pile they but adorn'd before. Here grotto within grotto fafe defies The fun-beam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild, The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes Capricious, in which fancy feeks in vain The likeness of some object seen before. Thus nature works as if to mock at art, And in defiance of her rival pow'rs; By these fortuitous and random strokes Performing fuch inimitable feats As she with all her rules can never reach. Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd, Because a novelty, the work of man, Imperial miftress of the fur-clad Russ! Thy most magnificent and mighty freak The wonder of the North. No forest fell

When thou wouldst build; no quarry fent its stores T' enrich thy walls: but thou didft hew the floods, And make thy marble of the glaffy wave. In fuch a palace Aristæus found Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale Of his lost bees to her maternal ear: In fuch a palace poetry might place The armoury of winter; where his troops, The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy fleet, Skin-piercing volley, bloffom-bruifing hail, And fnow that often blinds the trav'ler's course, And wraps him in an unexpected tomb. Silently as a dream the fabric rofe;— No found of hammer or of faw was there. Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts Were foon conjoin'd; nor other cement ask'd Than water interfus'd to make them one. Lamps gracefully difpos'd, and of all hues, Illumin'd ev'ry fide: a wat'ry light Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that feem'd

Another moon new risen, or meteor fall'n From heav'n to earth, of lambent flame ferene. So flood the brittle prodigy; though smooth And flipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within, That royal residence might well besit, For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths Of flow'rs, that fear'd no enemy but warmth, Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none Where all was vitreous; but in order due Convivial table and commodious feat (What feem'd at least commodious feat) were there; Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august. The same lubricity was found in all, And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene Of evanescent glory, once a stream, And foon to slide into a stream again. Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke Of undefign'd feverity, that glanc'd (Made by a monarch) on her own estate,

On human grandeur and the courts of kings. 'Twas transient in its nature, as in show 'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd Intrinsically precious; to the foot Treach'rous and false; it smil'd, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd At hewing mountains into men, and some At building human wonders mountain-high. Some have amus'd the dull, fad years of life (Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad) With schemes of monumental fame; and fought By pyramids and mausolean pomp, Short-liv'd themselves, t' immortalize their bones. Some feek diversion in the tented field, And make the forrows of mankind their sport. But war's a game, which, were their subjects wife, Kings would not play at. Nations would do well T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds

Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,

Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain Was split into diversity of tongues, Then, as a shepherd separates his flock, These to the upland, to the valley those, God drave afunder, and affign'd their lot To all the nations. Ample was the boon He gave them, in its distribution fair And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace. Peace was awhile their care: they plough'd, and fow'd, And reap'd their plenty, without grudge or strife. But violence can never longer sleep Than human paffions please. In ev'ry heart Are fown the sparks that kindle fi'ry war; Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze. Cain had already shed a brother's blood: The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd

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The feeds of murder in the breast of man. Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line Of his descending progeny was found The first artificer of death; the shrewd Contriver who first sweated at the forge, And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied fteel To a keen edge, and made it bright for war. Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times, The fword and faulchion their inventor claim; And the first smith was the first murd'rer's fon. His art furviv'd the waters; and ere long, When man was multiplied and spread abroad In tribes and clans, and had begun to call These meadows and that range of hills his own, The tafted fweets of property begat Defire of more; and industry in some, T' improve and cultivate their just demesne, Made others covet what they faw fo fair. Thus war began on earth: these fought for spoil, And those in self-defence. | Savage at first,

The onset, and irregular. At length One eminent above the rest, for strength, For stratagem, or courage, or for all, Was chosen leader: him they ferv'd in war, And him in peace, for fake of warlike deeds Rev'renc'd no less. Who could with him compare? Or who fo worthy to control themselves As he whose prowess had subdu'd their soes? Thus war, affording field for the display Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace, Which have their exigencies too, and call For skill in government, at length made king. King was a name too proud for man to wear With modesty and meekness; and the crown, So dazzling in their eyes who fet it on, Was fure t' intoxicate the brows it bound. It is the abject property of most, That, being parcel of the common mass, And destitute of means to raise themselves, They fink, and fettle lower than they need.

VOL. II.

They know not what it is to feel within A comprehensive faculty, that grasps Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields, Almost without an effort, plans too vast For their conception, which they cannot move. Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk With gazing, when they see an able man Step forth to notice; and, befotted thus, Build him a pedeftal, and fay, "Stand there, " And be our admiration and our praise." They roll themselves before him in the dust, Then most deserving in their own account When most extravagant in his applause, As if exalting him they rais'd themselves. Thus by degrees, felf-cheated of their found And fober judgment, that he is but man, They demi-deify and fume him fo, That in due feafon he forgets it too. Inflated and aftrut with felf-conceit, He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,

Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks The world was made in vain, if not for him. Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears, And fweating in his fervice, his caprice Becomes the foul that animates them all. He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives, Spent in the purchase of renown for him, An eafy reck'ning; and they think the fame. Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings Were burnish'd into heroes, and became The arbiters of this terraqueous fwamp; Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died. Strange, that fuch folly as lifts bloated man To eminence, fit only for a god, Should ever drivel out of human lips, Ev'n in the cradled weakness of the world! Still stranger much, that, when at length mankind Had reach'd the finewy firmness of their youth, And could discriminate and argue well

On subjects more mysterious, they were yet Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear And quake before the gods themselves had made! But above measure strange, that neither proof Of fad experience, nor examples fet By fome whose patriot virtue has prevail'd, Can even now, when they are grown mature In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps Familiar, ferve t' emancipate the rest! Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead A course of long observance for its use, That even fervitude, the worst of ills, Because deliver'd down from sire to son, Is kept and guarded as a facred thing! But is it fit, or can it bear the shock Of rational discussion, that a man, Compounded and made up like other men Of elements tumultuous, in whom luft. And folly in as ample measure meet

As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules, Should be a defpot absolute, and boast Himself the only freeman of his land? Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will, Wage war, with any or with no pretence Of provocation giv'n, or wrong fuftain'd, And force the beggarly last doit, by means That his own humour dictates, from the clutch Of poverty, that thus he may procure His thousands, weary of penurious life, A splendid opportunity to die? Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old Jotham afcrib'd to his affembled trees In politic convention) put your trust I' th' shadow of a bramble, and, reclin'd In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch, Rejoice in him, and celebrate his fway, Where find ye paffive fortitude? Whence springs Your felf-denying zeal, that holds it good To ftroke the prickly grievance, and to hang

His thorns with streamers of continual praise? We, too, are friends to loyalty. We love The king who loves the law, respects his bounds, And reigns content within them: him we ferve Freely and with delight, who leaves us free: But, recollecting still that he is man, We trust him not too far. King though he be, And king in England too, he may be weak, And vain enough to be ambitious still; May exercise amis his proper pow'rs, Or covet more than freemen choose to grant: Beyond that mark is treason. He is our's T' administer, to guard, t' adorn, the state, But not to warp or change it. We are his To ferve him nobly in the common cause, True to the death, but not to be his slaves. Mark now the diff'rence, ye that boast your love Of kings, between your loyalty and our's. We love the man; the paltry pageant you. We the chief patron of the commonwealth;

You the regardless author of its woes.

We, for the sake of liberty, a king;
You chains and bondage, for a tyrant's sake.

Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Your's, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be belov'd
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will Of a superior, he is never free.

Who lives, and is not weary of a life

Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.

The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd,

And forc'd t' abandon what she bravely sought,

Deserves at least applause for her attempt,

And pity for her loss. But that's a cause

Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd

Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,

'Tis pusillanimous and prone to slight.

But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought

Of freedom, in that hope itself possess

All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,

The scorn of danger, and united hearts;

The surest presage of the good they seek*.

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more

To France than all her losses and defeats,

Old or of later date, by sea or land,

the first deal sale makes the

[•] The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

Her house of bondage, worse than that of old Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastille! Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts; Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair, That monarchs have supplied from age to age With music such as suits their sov'reign ears— The fighs and groans of miferable men! There's not an English heart that would not leap To hear that ye were fall'n at last; to know That ev'n our enemies, so oft employ'd In forging chains for us, themselves were free. For he who values liberty confines His zeal for her predominance within No narrow bounds; her cause engages him Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man. There dwell the most forlorn of human kind; Immur'd though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried, Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape! There, like the visionary emblem seen By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,

And, filletted about with hoops of brass, Still lives, though all its pleafant boughs are gone. To count the hour-bell and expect no change; And ever, as the fullen found is heard, Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note To him whose moments all have one dull pace, Ten thousand rovers in the world at large Account it music; that it summons some To theatre, or jocund feast or ball: The wearied hireling finds it a release From labour; and the lover, who has chid Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight-To fly for refuge from distracting thought To fuch amusements as ingenious woe Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools-To read engraven on the mouldy walls, In ftagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale, A fad memorial, and fubjoin his own-To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest Is made familiar, watches his approach, Comes at his call, and ferves him for a friend-To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro The fluds that thick emboss his iron door; Then downward and then upward, then aslant And then alternate; with a fickly hope By dint of change to give his tasteless task Some relish; till the sum, exactly found In all directions, he begins again— Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around With woes, which who that fuffers would not kneel And beg for exile, or the pangs of death? That man should thus encroach on fellow man, Abridge him of his just and native rights, Eradicate him, tear him from his hold Upon th' endearments of domestic life And focial, nip his fruitfulness and use, And doom him for perhaps an heedless word To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,

Moves indignation; makes the name of king

(Of king whom fuch prerogative can please)

As dreadful as the Manichean god,

Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r

Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;

And we are weeds without it. All constraint,

Except what wisdom lays on evil men,

Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes

Their progress in the road of science; blinds

The eyesight of discov'ry; and begets,

In those that suffer it, a fordid mind

Bestial, a meagre intellect, unsit

To be the tenant of man's noble form.

Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,

With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd

By public exigence till annual food

Fails for the craving hunger of the state,

Thee I account still happy, and the chief

Among the nations, feeing thou art free: My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude, Replete with vapours, and disposes much All hearts to fadness, and none more than mine: Thine unadult'rate manners are less fost And plaufible than focial life requires, And thou haft need of discipline and art To give thee what politer France receives From Nature's bounty—that humane address And fweetness, without which no pleasure is In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve, Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl: Yet, being free, I love thee: for the fake Of that one feature can be well content, Difgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art, To feek no fublunary rest beside. But, once enflav'd, farewell! I could endure Chains no where patiently; and chains at home, Where I am free by birthright, not at all. Then what were left of roughness in the grain

Of British natures, wanting its excuse That it belongs to freemen, would disgust And shock me. I should then, with double pain, Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime; And, if I must bewail the blessing lost, For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled, I would at least bewail it under skies Milder, among a people less austere; In scenes which, having never known me free, Would not reproach me with the loss I felt. Do I forebode impossible events, And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may! But th' age of virtuous politics is past, And we are deep in that of cold pretence. Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere, And we too wife to trust them. He that takes Deep in his foft credulity the stamp Defign'd by loud declaimers on the part Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust, Incurs derision for his easy faith

And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:

For when was public virtue to be found

Where private was not? Can he love the whole

Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend

Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there?

Can he be strenuous in his country's cause

Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake

That country, if at all, must be belov'd?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad

For England's glory, seeing it wax pale

And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts

So loose to private duty, that no brain,

Healthful and undisturb'd by factious sumes,

Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.

Such were not they of old, whose temper'd blades

Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,

And hew'd them link from link: then Albion's sons

Were sons indeed; they selt a filial heart

Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;

And, shining each in his domestic sphere,

Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view. 'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot Forbids their interference, looking on, Anticipate perforce some dire event; And, feeing the old castle of the state, That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake, Stand motionless expectants of its fall. All has its date below; the fatal hour Was register'd in heav'n ere time began. We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works Die too: the deep foundations that we lay, Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains. We build with what we deem eternal rock: A distant age asks where the fabric stood; And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain, The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unfung

By poets, and by fenators unprais'd,

And thining each in his come

Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs Of earth and hell confed'rate take away: A liberty, which perfecution, fraud, Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind; Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more. 'Tis liberty of heart, deriv'd from heav'n; Bought with HIS blood who gave it to mankind, And feal'd with the fame token! It is held By charter, and that charter fanction'd fure By th' unimpeachable and awful oath And promise of a God! His other gifts All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his, And are august; but this transcends them all. His other works, the visible display Of all-creating energy and might, Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the word That, finding an interminable space Unoccupied, has fill'd the void fo well, And made so sparkling what was dark before. But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true, VOL. II.

Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene, Might well suppose th' artificer divine Meant it eternal, had he not himfelf Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is, And, still designing a more glorious far, Doom'd it as infufficient for his praise. These, therefore, are occasional, and pass; Form'd for the confutation of the fool, Whose lyeing heart disputes against a God; That office ferv'd, they must be swept away. Not fo the labours of his love: they shine In other heav'ns than these that we behold, And fade not. There is paradife that fears No forfeiture, and of its fruits he fends Large prelibation oft to faints below. Of these the first in order, and the pledge And confident affurance of the rest, Is liberty:—a flight into his arms Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,

But thefe are not his alore. Men, 'the true,

AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILD

A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,

And full immunity from penal woe.

Chains are the portion of revolted man, Stripes and a dungeon; and his body ferves The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul, Opprobrious residence, he finds them all, Propense his heart to idols, he is held In filly dotage on created things, Careless of their Creator. And that low And fordid gravitation of his pow'rs To a vile clod fo draws him, with fuch force Refiftless from the centre he should seek, That he at last forgets it. All his hopes Tend downward; his ambition is to fink, To reach a depth profounder still, and still Profounder, in the fathomless abyss Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death. But, ere he gain the comfortless repose He feeks, and acquiescence of his soul,

In heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures— What does he not? from lusts oppos'd in vain, And felf-reproaching conscience. He foresees The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace, Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all That can ennoble man, and make frail life, Short as it is, supportable. Still worse, Far worse than all the plagues with which his fins Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes Ages of hopeless mis'ry. Future death, And death still future. Not an hasty stroke, Like that which fends him to the dufty grave; But unrepealable enduring death! Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears: What none can prove a forg'ry, may be true; What none but bad men wish exploded, must. That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud, Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst Of laughter his compunctions are fincere; And he abhors the jeft by which he shines.

Remorfe begets reform. His master-lust Falls first before his resolute rebuke, And feems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues, But spurious and short-liv'd; the puny child Of felf-congratulating pride, begot On fancied innocence. Again he falls, And fights again; but finds his best essay A prefage ominous, portending still Its own dishonour by a worse relapse. Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt, Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause, Perverfely, which of late she so condemn'd; With shallow shifts and old devices, worn And tatter'd in the service of debauch. Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.

[&]quot; Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man,
" And stor'd the earth so plenteously with means

- " To gratify the hunger of his wish;
- " And doth he reprobate, and will he damn,
- "The use of his own bounty? making first
- " So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
- " So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
- " Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth
- " Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
- " Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
- "The teacher's office, and dispense at large
- "Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
- " Attend to their own music? have they faith
- " In what with fuch folemnity of tone
- " And gesture they propound to our belief?
- " Nay-conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
- " Is but an instrument, on which the priest
- " May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
- "The unequivocal authentic deed,
- " We find found argument, we read the heart."

Such reas'nings (if that name must needs belong

T' excuses in which reason has no part)

" Hada God indeed giv'n experies to

Serve to compose a spirit well inclin'd To live on terms of amity with vice, And fin without diffurbance. Often urg'd, (As often as libidinous discourse Exhausted, he reforts to solemn themes Of theological and grave import) They gain at last his unreserv'd assent; Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge Of luft, and on the anvil of despair, He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves, Or nothing much, his constancy in ill; Vain tamp'ring has but foster'd his disease; 'Tis desp'rate, and he sleeps the sleep of death! Haste now, philosopher, and set him free. Charm the deaf ferpent wifely. Make him hear Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth How lovely, and the moral fense how fure, Confulted and obey'd, to guide his steps Directly to the first and only fair. Spare not in fuch a cause. Spend all the pow'rs

Of rant and rhapfody in virtue's praife:

Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,

And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,

Till it out-mantle all the pride of verse.—

Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high sounding brass,

Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm

Th' eclipse that intercepts truth's heav'nly beam,

And chills and darkens a wide-wand'ring soul.

The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak,

Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;

Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the flave a freeman. 'Tis a change
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man

Vain tamp 'che has but foller'd his difering

From fool to wife, from earthly to divine,

Is work for Him that made him. He alone,

And he by means in philosophic eyes

Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves

The wonder; humanizing what is brute

In the lost kind, extracting from the lips

Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength

By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:
But sairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,
Have fall'n in her desence. A patriot's blood,

To fost, and to enderome the ficient

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Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed, And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land The fweets of liberty and equal laws; But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize, And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed In confirmation of the nobleft claim-Our claim to feed upon immortal truth, To walk with God, to be divinely free, To foar, and to anticipate the skies! Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown Till persecution dragg'd them into fame, And chas'd them up to heav'n. Their ashes flew -No marble tells us whither. With their names No bard embalms and fanctifies his fong: And history, so warm on meaner themes, Is cold on this. She execrates indeed The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire, But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise*.

To those whose posted at the fliring of truth,

School and Sec Hume.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, And all are flaves befide. There's not a chain That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm, Can wind around him, but he casts it off below of I With as much ease as Samson his green wyths. He looks abroad into the varied field Of Nature, and, though poor perhaps compar'd With those whose mansions glitter in his fight, Calls the delightful fcen'ry all his own. His are the mountains, and the vallies his, And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy With a propriety that none can feel, which as an on 10 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd, Can lift to heaven an unprefumptuous eye, And fmiling fay—" My father made them all!" Are they not his by a peculiar right, And by an emphasis of int'rest his, Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy, Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love

That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man? Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap The loaded foil, and ye may waste much good In fenfeless riot; but ye will not find, In feast or in the chase, in song or dance, A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong, Appropriates nature as his father's work, And has a richer use of your's than you. He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea With all his roaring multitude of waves. His freedom is the same in ev'ry state; And no condition of this changeful life, So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day Brings its own evil with it, makes it less: For he has wings that neither fickness, pain, Nor penury, can cripple or confine,

No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyfelf with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
'Till then unselt, what hands divine have wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content

With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his

Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;

Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,

To earth's acknowledg'd sov'reign, finds at once

Its only just proprietor in Him.

The foul that fees him, or receives fublim'd

New faculties, or learns at least t' employ

More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,

Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze

Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd—

A ray of heav'nly light, gilding all forms

Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;

The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,

- " That navigate a fea that knows no storms,
- "Beneath a vault unfullied with a cloud,
- " If from your elevation, whence ye view
- " Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
- " And fystems of whose birth no tidings yet
- " Have reach'd this nether world, ye fpy a race
- " Favour'd as our's; transgressors from the womb,
- " And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
- " And to possess a brighter heav'n than your's?

- " As one who long detain'd on foreign shores
- " Pants to return, and when he fees afar
- " His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,
- " From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
- " Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
- " So I with animated hopes behold,
- " And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
- " That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
- " Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
- " From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
- " Love kindles as I gaze. I feel defires
- " That give affurance of their own fuccess,
- " And that, infus'd from heav'n, must thither tend."

So reads he nature whom the lamp of truth Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious word! Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost, With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt, But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built, With means that were not till by thee employ'd,

Worlds that had never been hadft thou in strength Been less, or less benevolent than strong. They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r And goodness infinite, but speak in ears That hear not, or receive not their report. In vain thy creatures testify of thee Till thou proclaim thyself. Their's is indeed A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn, And with the boon gives talents for its use. 'Till thou art heard, imaginations vain Possess the heart, and fables false as hell; Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death The uninform'd and heedless souls of men. We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind, The glory of thy work; which yet appears Perfect and unimpeachable of blame, Challenging human fcrutiny, and prov'd Then skilful most when most severely judg'd. But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'ft:

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Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r (If pow'r she be that works but to confound) To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws. Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can Instruction, and inventing to ourselves Gods fuch as guilt makes welcome; gods that fleep, Or difregard our follies, or that fit Amus'd spectators of this buftling stage. Thee we reject, unable to abide Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure; Made fuch by thee, we love thee for that cause For which we shunn'd and hated thee before. Then we are free. Then liberty, like day, Breaks on the foul, and by a flash from heav'n Fires all the faculties with glorious joy. A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song-A loud hofanna fent from all thy works; Which he that hears it with a shout repeats, And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.

In that bleft moment Nature, throwing wide Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile The author of her beauties, who, retir'd Behind his own creation, works unfeen By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied. Thou art the fource and centre of all minds, Their only point of rest, eternal Word! From thee departing, they are loft, and rove At random, without honour, hope, or peace. From thee is all that fooths the life of man, His high endeavour, and his glad fuccess, His strength to fuffer, and his will to serve. But oh thou bounteous giver of all good, Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown! Give what thou can'ft, without thee we are poor; And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

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BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Bells at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter .- A sheltered walk. - Meditation better than books .- Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected. - God maintains it by an unremitted act. -The amusements fashionable at this bour of the day reproved. - Animals bappy, a delightful fight. -Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from scripture.—That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man .- The groans of the creation shall have an end.—A view taken of the restoration of all things .- An invocation and an invitation of bim who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.-Conclusion.

T A S K.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

There is in fouls a fympathy with founds;
And, as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brifk, or grave:
Some chord in unifon with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How foft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells

Where mem'ry flept. Wherever I have heard A kindred melody, the scene recurs, And with it all its pleasures and its pains. Such comprehensive views the spirit takes, That in a few short moments I retrace (As in a map the voyager his course) The windings of my way through many years. Short as in retrospect the journey feems, It feem'd not always short; the rugged path, And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn, Mov'd many a figh at its disheart'ning length. Yet, feeling present evils, while the past Faintly impress the mind, or not at all, How readily we wish time spent revok'd, That we might try the ground again, where once (Through inexperience, as we now perceive) We miss'd that happiness we might have found! Some friend is gone, perhaps his fon's best friend! A father, whose authority, in show

When most severe, and must'ring all its force, Was but the graver countenance of love; Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r, And utter now and then an awful voice, But had a bleffing in its darkeft frown, Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant. We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent That converse which we now in vain regret. How gladly would the man recall to life The boy's neglected fire! a mother too, That fofter friend, perhaps more gladly still, Might he demand them at the gates of death. Sorrow has, fince they went, fubdu'd and tam'd The playful humour; he could now endure, (Himself grown sober in the vale of tears) And feel a parent's presence no restraint. But not to understand a treasure's worth

Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,

Is cause of half the poverty we feel,

And makes the world the wilderness it is.

The sew that pray at all pray oft amis,

And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,

Would urge a wifer suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods sence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wasted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread

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Kn Ha The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms, Whose outspread branches overarch the glade. The roof, though moveable through all its length As the wind fways it, has yet well fuffic'd, And, intercepting in their filent fall The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. No noise is here, or none that hinders thought. The redbreaft warbles still, but is content With flender notes, and more than half fuppress'd: Pleas'd with his folitude, and flitting light From fpray to fpray, where'er he rests he shakes From many a twig the pendent drops of ice, That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below. Stillness, accompanied with founds so soft, Charms more than filence. Meditation here May think down hours to moments. Here the heart May give an useful lesson to the head, And learning wifer grow without his books. Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells

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In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, The mere materials with which wisdom builds, Till smooth'd and squar'd and fitted to its place, Does but incumber whom it feems t' enrich. Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd fo much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. Books are not feldom talismans and spells, By which the magic art of shrewder wits Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd. Some to the fascination of a name Surrender judgment, hood-wink'd. Some the style Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds Of error leads them by a tune entranc'd. While floth feduces more, too weak to bear The insupportable fatigue of thought, And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice, The total grift unfifted, hufks and all. But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course

Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can pow'r divine perform

More grand than it produces year by year,

And all in fight of inattentive man?

Familiar with th' effect we flight the cause,

And, in the constancy of nature's course,

The regular return of genial months,

And renovation of a saded world,

See nought to wonder at. Should God again,

As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race

Of the undeviating and punctual sun,

How would the world admire! but speaks it less

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An agency divine, to make him know His moment when to fink and when to rife, Age after age, than to arrest his course? All we behold is miracle; but, feen So duly, all is miracle in vain. Where now the vital energy that mov'd, While fummer was, the pure and fubtile lymph Through th' imperceptible meand'ring veins Of leaf and flow'r? It fleeps; and th' icy touch Of unprolific winter has impress'd A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide. But let the months go round, a few short months, And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots, Barren as lances, among which the wind Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes, Shall put their graceful foliage on again, And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread, Shall boaft new charms, and more than they have loft, Then, each in its peculiar honours clad, Shall publish, even to the distant eye,

Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich In streaming gold; fyringa, iv'ry pure; The scentless and the scented rose; this red And of an humbler growth, the * other tall, And throwing up into the darkeft gloom Of neighb'ring cypress, or more fable yew, Her filver globes, light as the foamy furf That the wind fevers from the broken wave; The lilac, various in array, now white, Now fanguine, and her beauteous head now fet With purple spikes pyramidal, as if, Studious of ornament, yet unrefolv'd Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all; Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan, But well compensating her fickly looks With never-cloying odours, early and late; Hypericum, all bloom, fo thick a fwarm Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her flender rods That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion, too, Though leaflefs, well attir'd, and thick befet

* The Guelder-rofe.

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With blushing wreaths, investing ev'ry spray; Althæa with the purple eye; the broom, Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd, Her bloffoms; and, luxuriant above all, The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets, The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.-These have been, and these shall be in their day; And all this uniform, uncolour'd scene, Shall be difmantled of its fleecy load, And flush into variety again, From dearth to plenty, and from death to life, Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man In heav'nly truth; evincing, as she makes The grand transition, that there lives and works A foul in all things, and that foul is God. The beauties of the wilderness are his, That make fo gay the folitary place Where no eye fees them. And the fairer forms

That cultivation glories in, are his.

He fets the bright proceffion on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some fay that, in the origin of things,

When all creation started into birth,

The infant elements receiv'd a law,

From which they swerve not since. That under force

Of that controuling ordinance they move,

And need not his immediate hand, who first

Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.

Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God

Th' incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare

The great Artificer of all that moves

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The stress of a continual act, the pain Of unremitted vigilance and care, As too laborious and severe a task. So man, the moth, is not afraid, it feems, To fpan omnipotence, and measure might, That knows no measure, by the scanty rule And standard of his own, that is to-day, And is not ere to-morrow's fun go down! But how should matter occupy a charge Dull as it is, and fatisfy a law So vast in its demands, unless impell'd To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force, And under pressure of some conscious cause? The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd, Sustains, and is the life of all that lives. Nature is but a name for an effect, Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire By which the mighty process is maintain'd, Who fleeps not, is not weary; in whose fight Slow-circling ages are as transient days;

Whose work is without labour; whose designs No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts; And whose beneficence no charge exhausts. Him blind antiquity profan'd, not ferv'd, With felf-taught rites, and under various names, Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan, And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth With tutelary goddeffes and gods That were not; and commending, as they would, To each some province, garden, field, or grove. But all are under one. One spirit—His Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows-Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain, Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues, And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes, In grains as countless as the sea-side fands, The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth. Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flow'r,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be punish'd for its tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream
Recov'ring sast its liquid music, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well ftrung and tun'd To contemplation, and within his reach A scene so friendly to his fav'rite task, Would waste attention at the chequer'd board, His host of wooden warriors to and fro

Marching and counter-marching, with an eye As fixt as marble, with a forehead ridg'd And furrow'd into ftorms, and with a hand Trembling, as if eternity were hung In balance on his conduct of a pin?— Nor envies he aught more their idle sport, Who pant with application misapplied To trivial toys, and, pushing iv'ry balls Across a velvet level, feel a joy Akin to rapture when the bawble finds Its destin'd goal, of difficult access.— Nor deems he wifer him, who gives his noon To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop Wand'ring, and litt'ring with unfolded filks The polish'd counter, and approving none, Or promifing with fmiles to call again.— Nor him, who by his vanity feduc'd, And footh'd into a dream that he discerns The diff'rence of a Guido from a daub, Frequents the crowded auction: station'd there As duly as the Langford of the show,

With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,

And tongue accomplished in the sulfome cant

And pedantry that coxcombs learn with ease;

Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls

He notes it in his book, then raps his box,

Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate

That he has let it pass—but never bids!

Here, unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisses, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome sallad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,

Grown fo familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stock-dove, unalarm'd,
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his resuge in some lonely elm
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, slippant, pert, and sull of play:
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neigh'ring beach; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and scolds aloud,
With all the prettiness of seign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly sierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit

For human fellowship, as being void

Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike

To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd

With fight of animals enjoying life, Nor feels their happiness augment his own. The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade When none pursues, through mere delight of heart, And spirits buoyant with excess of glee; The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet, That skims the spacious meadow at full speed, Then ftops and fnorts, and, throwing high his heels, Starts to the voluntary race again; The very kine that gambol at high noon, The total herd receiving first from one That leads the dance a fummons to be gay, Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth Their efforts, yet refolv'd with one confent To give fuch act and utt'rance as they may To ecstasy too big to be suppress'd-These, and a thousand images of blis, With which kind nature graces ev'ry scene Where cruel man defeats not her defign, Impart to the benevolent, who wish

All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd,

A far superior happiness to their's,

The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had ris'n, obedient to his call Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave, When he was crown'd as never king was fince. God fet the diadem upon his head, And angel choirs attended. Wond'ring stood The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd, All happy, and all perfect in their kind, The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts To fee their fov'reign, and confess his fway. Vast was his empire, absolute his pow'r, Or bounded only by a law, whose force 'Twas his fublimest privilege to feel And own—the law of universal love. He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy; No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart, And no distrust of his intent in their's.

So Eden was a scene of harmless sport, Where kindness on his part who rul'd the whole Begat a tranquil confidence in all, And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear. But fin marr'd all; and the revolt of man, That fource of evils not exhaufted yet, Was punish'd with revolt of his from him. Garden of God, how terrible the change Thy groves and lawns then witness'd! Ev'ry heart, Each animal of ev'ry name, conceiv'd A jealoufy and an inftinctive fear, And, conscious of some danger, either fled Precipitate the loath'd abode of man, Or growl'd defiance in fuch angry fort, As taught him, too, to tremble in his turn, Thus harmony and family accord Were driv'n from Paradife; and in that hour The feeds of cruelty, that fince have swell'd To fuch gigantic and enormous growth, Were fown in human nature's fruitful foil.

Hence date the perfecution and the pain That man inflicts on all inferior kinds, Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport, To gratify the frenzy of his wrath, Or his base gluttony, are causes good And just, in his account, why bird and beast Should fuffer torture, and the streams be dyed With blood of their inhabitants impal'd. Earth groans beneath the burden of a war Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he, Not fatisfied to prey on all around, Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs Needless, and first torments ere he devours. Now happiest they that occupy the scenes The most remote from his abhorr'd refort, Whom once, as delegate of God on earth, They fear'd, and, as his perfect image, lov'd. The wilderness is their's, with all its caves, Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains, Unvisited by man. There they are free,

And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrol'd; Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play. Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude Within the confines of their wild domain! The lion tells him—I am monarch here! And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms Of royal mercy, and through gen'rous fcorn To rend a victim trembling at his foot. In measure, as by force of instinct drawn, Or by necessity constrain'd, they live Dependent upon man; those in his fields, These at his crib, and some beneath his roof, They prove too often at how dear a rate He fells protection.—Witness at his foot The fpaniel dying, for fome venial fault, Under diffection of the knotted fcourge— Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells Driv'n to the flaughter, goaded, as he runs, To madness; while the savage at his heels Laughs at the frantic fuff'rer's fury, spent

Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown. He, too, is witness, noblest of the train That wait on man, the flight-performing horse: With unfuspecting readiness he takes His murd'rer on his back, and, push'd all day, With bleeding fides and flanks that heave for life, To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies. So little mercy shows who needs fo much! Does law, so jealous in the cause of man, Denounce no doom on the delinquent?—None. He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boafts (As if barbarity were high defert) Th' inglorious feat, and, clamorous in praise Of the poor brute, feems wifely to suppose The honours of his matchless horse his own! But many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth, Is register'd in heav'n; and these, no doubt, Have each their record, with a curse annex'd. Man may difmifs compassion from his heart, But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew T' affift his foe's down-fallen beaft to rife;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Prov'd he not plainly that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold
The slesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on pow'r of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well:
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!

The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unstedg'd raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs

BOOK VI. THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

Of hunger unaffuag'd, has interpos'd, Not feldom, his avenging arm, to fmite Th' injurious trampler upon nature's law, That claims forbearance even for a brute. He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart; And, prophet as he was, he might not strike The blameless animal, without rebuke, On which he rode. Her opportune offence Sav'd him, or th' unrelenting feer had died. He fees that human equity is flack To interfere, though in so just a cause; And makes the talk his own. Inspiring dumb And helpless victims with a sense so keen Of inj'ry, with fuch knowledge of their strength, And fuch fagacity to take revenge, That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man. An ancient, not a legendary tale, By one of found intelligence rehears'd, (If fuch who plead for Providence may feem In modern eyes) shall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, stretch'd towards the setting fun, Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave, Dwelt young Misagathus; a scorner he Of God and goodness, atheist in oftent, Vicious in act, in temper favage-fierce. He journey'd; and his chance was as he went To join a trav'ller, of far diff'rent note-Evander, fam'd for piety, for years Deferving honour, but for wisdom more. Fame had not left the venerable man A stranger to the manners of the youth, Whose face, too, was familiar to his view. Their way was on the margin of the land, O'er the green fummit of the rocks, whose base Beats back the roaring furge, scarce heard so high. The charity that warm'd his heart was mov'd At fight of the man-monster. With a smile Gentle, and affable, and full of grace, As fearful of offending whom he wish'd Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths Not harshly thunder'd forth or rudely press'd, But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.

- " And dost thou dream," th' impenetrable man Exclaim'd, " that me the lullabies of age,
- " And fantasies of dotards, such as thou,
- " Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
- " Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
- " Need no fuch aids as fuperstition lends
- "To steel their hearts against the dread of death."
 He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
 Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
 And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
 Of such a gulph as he design'd his grave.
 But, though the selon on his back could dare
 The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
 Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,
 Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,
 Bassed his rider, sav'd against his will!
 The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd

By med'cine well applied, but without grace

VOL. II.

BOOK VI.

The heart's infanity admits no cure. Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd His horrible intent, again he fought Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd, With founding whip, and rowels died in blood. But still in vain. The Providence, that meant A longer date to the far nobler beaft, Spar'd yet again th' ignobler, for his fake. And now, his prowefs prov'd, and his fincere Incurable obduracy evinc'd, His rage grew cool; and, pleas'd perhaps t' have earn'd So cheaply the renown of that attempt, With looks of some complacence he refum'd His road, deriding much the blank amaze Of good Evander, still where he was left Fixt motionless, and petrified with dread. So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes Enfuing, feem'd t' obliterate the past; And, tamer far for fo much fury shown,

(As is the course of rash and fiery men)

The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd. But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near, An unsuspected storm. His hour was come. The impious challenger of Pow'r divine Was now to learn that Heav'n, though flow to wrath, Is never with impunity defied. His horse, as he had caught his master's mood, Snorting, and starting into sudden rage, Unbidden, and not now to be control'd, Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood. At once the shock unseated him: he flew Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and, immers'd Deep in the flood, found, when he fought it not, The death he had deferv'd—and died alone! So God wrought double justice; made the fool The victim of his own tremendous choice, And taught a brute the way to fafe revenge.

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I would not enter on my lift of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine fense,

Yet wanting fenfibility) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. An inadvertent step may crush the snail That crawls at ev'ning in the public path; But he that has humanity, forewarn'd, Will tread aside, and let the reptile live. The creeping vermin, loathsome to the fight, And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes, A visitor unwelcome, into scenes Sacred to neatness and repose-th' alcove, The chamber, or refectory—may die: A necessary act incurs no blame. Not fo when, held within their proper bounds, And guiltless of offence, they range the air, Or take their pastime in the spacious field: There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong, Difturbs th' economy of nature's realm, Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode. The fum is this.—If man's convenience, health,

Or fafety, interfere, his rights and claims Are paramount, and must extinguish their's. Else they are all—the meanest things that are— As free to live, and to enjoy that life, As God was free to form them at the first, Who, in his fov'reign wisdom, made them all. Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your fons To love it too. The spring-time of our years Is foon dishonour'd and defil'd in most By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand To check them. But, alas! none fooner shoots, If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth, Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all. Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule And righteous limitation of its act, By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man; And he that shows none, being ripe in years, And conscious of the outrage he commits, Shall feek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Diffinguish'd much by reason, and still more By our capacity of grace divine, From creatures that exist but for our sake, Which, having ferv'd us, perish, we are held Accountable; and God, fome future day, Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust. Superior as we are, they yet depend Not more on human help than we on their's. Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n In aid of our defects. In some are found Such teachable and apprehensive parts, That man's attainments in his own concerns, Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in their's, Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind. Some show that nice sagacity of smell, And read with fuch discernment, in the port And figure of the man, his fecret aim, That oft we owe our fafety to a skill We could not teach, and must despair to learn.

But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop

To quadrupede instructors, many a good

And useful quality, and virtue too,

Rarely exemplified among ourselves.

Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd

By any change of fortune; proof alike

Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;

Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat

Can move or warp; and gratitude for small

And trivial savours, lasting as the life,

And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms

Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit

Patiently present at a facred song,

Commemoration-mad; content to hear

(Oh wonderful effect of music's pow'r!)

Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake!

But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—

(For, was it less, what heathen would have dar'd

to Stad blace reven the structure of believe.

To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath, And hang it up in honour of a man?) Much less might serve, when all that we design Is but to gratify an itching ear, And give the day to a musician's praise. Remember Handel? Who, that was not born Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets, Or can, the more than Homer of his age? Yes—we remember him; and, while we praife A talent fo divine, remember too That His most holy book from whom it came Was never meant, was never us'd before, To buckram out the mem'ry of a man. But hush !—the muse perhaps is too severe; And, with a gravity beyond the fize And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed Less impious than abfurd, and owing more To want of judgment than to wrong defign. So in the chapel of old Ely House, When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third,

Had fled from William, and the news was fresh, The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce, And eke did rear right merrily, two staves, Sung to the praise and glory of King George! -Man praises man; and Garrick's mem'ry next, When time hath fomewhat mellow'd it, and made The idol of our worship while he liv'd The god of our idolatry once more, Shall have its altar; and the world shall go In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine. The theatre, too small, shall suffocate Its fqueez'd contents, and more than it admits Shall figh at their exclusion, and return Ungratified. For there some noble lord Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch, Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak, And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare, To show the world how Garrick did not act-For Garrick was a worshipper himself; He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites

And folemn ceremonial of the day, And call'd the world to worship on the banks Of Avon, fam'd in fong. Ah, pleafant proof That piety has still in human hearts Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct. The mulb'ry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths; The mulb'ry-tree stood centre of the dance; The mulb'ry-tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs; And from his touchwood trunk the mulb'ry-tree Supplied fuch relics as devotion holds Still facred, and preferves with pious care. So 'twas an hallow'd time: decorum reign'd, And mirth without offence. No few return'd, Doubtless, much edified, and all refresh'd. -Man praises man. The rabble, all alive, From tippling-benches, cellars, stalls, and styes, Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day, A pompous and flow-moving pageant, comes. Some shout him, and some hang upon his car, To gaze in 's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave

Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy: While others, not fo fatisfied, unhorse The gilded equipage, and, turning loofe His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve. Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he fav'd the state? Doth he purpose its falvation? No. Enchanting novelty, that moon at full, That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head That is not found and perfect, hath in their's Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near, And his own cattle must suffice him soon. Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise, And dedicate a tribute, in its use And just direction facred, to a thing Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there! Encomium in old time was poet's work; But, poets having lavishly long since Exhausted all materials of the art, The task now falls into the public hand; And I, contented with an humble theme,

Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down

The vale of nature, where it creeps and winds

Among her lovely works with a secure

And unambitious course, reslecting clear,

If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.

And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils

Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine

May stand between an animal and woe,

And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets fung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea

Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:

For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds

The dust that waits upon his sultry march,

When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,

Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend,

Propitious, in his chariot pav'd with love;

And what his storms have blasted and desac'd

For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.

Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch:

Nor can the wonders it records be fung

To meaner music, and not suffer loss.

But, when a poet, or when one like me,

Happy to rove among poetic flow'rs,

Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last

On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,

Such is the impulse and the spur he feels

To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,

That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems

The labour, were a task more arduous still.

Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true, Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can fee, Though but in diftant prospect, and not feel His foul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy? Rivers of gladness water all the earth, And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean, Or fertile only in its own difgrace, Exults to fee its thiftly curse repeal'd. The various feafons woven into one, And that one feafon an eternal spring, The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence, For there is none to covet, all are full. The lion, and the libbard, and the bear Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon Together, or all gambol in the shade

Of the fame grove, and drink one common stream. Antipathies are none. No foe to man Lurks in the ferpent now: the mother fees, And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm, To stroke his azure neck, or to receive The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue. All creatures worship man, and all mankind One Lord, one Father. Error has no place: That creeping pestilence is driv'n away; The breath of heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart No passion touches a discordant string, But all is harmony and love. Difeafe Is not: the pure and uncontam'nate blood Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age. One fong employs all nations; and all cry, " Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!" The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks Shout to each other, and the mountain tops From distant mountains catch the flying joy;

Till, nation after nation taught the ftrain, Earth rolls the rapturous hofanna round. Behold the measure of the promise fill'd; See Salem built, the labour of a God! Bright as a fun the facred city shines; All kingdoms and all princes of the earth Flock to that light; the glory of all lands Flows into her; unbounded is her joy, And endless her increase. Thy rams are there, * Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there; The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind, And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there. Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls, And in her streets, and in her spacious courts, Is heard falvation. Eastern Java there Kneels with the native of the farthest west;

^{*} Nebaioth and Kedar, the fons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

Thus heav'n-ward all things tend. For all were once Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.

So God has greatly purpos'd; who would else In his dishonour'd works himself endure Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.

Haste, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world, Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see (A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)

A world that does not dread and hate his laws, And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair

The creature is that God pronounces good, How pleasant in itself what pleases him.

Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;

Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs;

Coftom and prejudice shall bear no fway, conwince

And ev'n the joy that haply some poor heart Derives from heav'n, pure as the fountain is, Is fullied in the stream, taking a taint From touch of human lips, at best impure. Oh for a world in principle as chafte one inoid o As this is gross and selfish! over which the seven was Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway, That govern all things here, should'ring aside The meek and modest truth, and forcing her Bolton To feek a refuge from the tongue of strife and look In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men: Where violence shall never lift the sword, word it Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong, Leaving the poor no remedy but tears: Where he that fills an office shall esteem Th' occasion it presents of doing good More than the perquifite:—where law shall speak Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts And equity; not jealous more to guard work A worthless form, than to decide aright: Worms wind themselves into our sweetelt flow'rs; Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,

Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)

With lean performance ape the work of love!

He glesos the blunted that's that have recoil'd,

Come then, and, added to thy many crowns, Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth, Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth; And thou hast made it thine by purchase since, And overpaid its value with thy blood. Thy faints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts Thy title is engraven with a pen Dipt in the fountain of eternal love. Thy faints proclaim thee king; and thy delay Gives courage to their foes, who, could they fee The dawn of thy last advent, long-desir'd, Would creep into the bowels of the hills, And flee for fafety to the falling rocks. The very fpirit of the world is tir'd Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,

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V/

"Where is the promife of your Lord's approach?" The infidel has shot his bolts away, Till, his exhaufted quiver yielding none, He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoil'd, And aims them at the shield of truth again. The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands, That hides divinity from mortal eyes; And all the mysteries to faith propos'd, Infulted and traduc'd, are cast aside, As useless, to the moles and to the bats. They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd, Who, constant only in rejecting thee, Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal, And quit their office for their error's fake. Blind, and in love with darkness! yet ev'n these Worthy, compar'd with fycophants, who knee Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man! So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare The world takes little thought. Who will may preach, And what they will. All pastors are alike

To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.

Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:

For these they live, they sacrifice to these,

And in their service wage perpetual war

With conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,

And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth

To prey upon each other; stubborn, sierce,

High-minded, soaming out their own disgrace.

Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down

The seatures of the last degen'rate times,

Exhibit ev'ry lineament of these.

Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,

Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,

Due to thy last and shost effectual work,

Thy word sulfill'd, the conquest of a world?

He is the happy man, whose life ev'n now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,

ch,

Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, boy call Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one Content indeed to fojourn while he must Below the skies, but having there his home. The world o'erlooks him in her bufy fearch Of objects, more illustrious in her view; And, occupied as earnestly as she, Though more fublimely, he o'erlooks the world. She fcorns his pleasures, for she knows them not; He feeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain. He cannot skim the ground like summer birds Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems Her honours, her emoluments, her joys. Therefore in contemplation is his blifs, Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth She makes familiar with a heav'n unfeen, And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd. Not flothful he, though feeming unemploy'd, And cenfur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird That flutters leaft is longest on the wing. Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd, Or what achievements of immortal fame He purposes, and he shall answer-None. His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd His fervent spirit labours. There he fights, And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself, And never with ring wreaths, compar'd with which The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds. Perhaps the felf-approving haughty world, That as fhe fweeps him with her whiftling filks Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see, Deems him a cypher in the works of God, Receives advantage from his noiseless hours, Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes Her funshine and her rain, her blooming spring And plenteous harvest, to the pray'r he makes, When, Isaac like, the solitary faint Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,

And think on her, who thinks not for herfelf. Forgive him, then, thou buftler in concerns Of little worth, an idler in the best, If, author of no mischief and some good, He feek his proper happiness by means That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine. Nor, though he tread the secret path of life, Engage no notice, and enjoy much eafe, Account him an incumbrance on the state, Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none. His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere Shine with his fair example, and though fmall His influence, if that influence all be fpent In foothing forrow and in quenching strife, In aiding helpless indigence, in works From which at least a grateful few derive Some tafte of comfort in a world of wo, Then let the supercilious great confess He ferves his country, recompenses well The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine

BOOK VI. THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

He fits fecure, and in the scale of life Holds no ignoble, though a flighted, place. The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen, Must drop indeed the hope of public praise; But he may boast what sew that win it can-That, if his country stand not by his skill, At least his follies have not wrought her fall. Removed in an Polite refinement offers him in vain Her golden tube, through which a fenfual world Draws gross impurity, and likes it well, The neat conveyance hiding all th' offence. Not that he peevishly rejects a mode Because that world adopts it. If it bear The stamp and clear impression of good sense, And be not coftly more than of true worth, He puts it on, and, for decorum fake, Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she. She judges of refinement by the eye, He by the test of conscience, and a heart Not foon deceiv'd; aware that what is base

No polish can make sterling; and that vice, Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd, Like an unburied carcase trick'd with flow'rs, Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far toobal good flow For cleanly riddance than for fair attire. So life glides fmoothly and by stealth away, More golden than that age of fabled gold Renown'd in ancient fong; not vex'd with care Or flain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd nobles and Of God and man, and peaceful in its end. So glide my life away! and so at last, My share of duties decently fulfill'd, May fome disease, not tardy to perform Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke, Dismis me, weary, to a safe retreat Beneath the turf that I have often trod. It shall not grieve me, then, that once, when call'd To dress a Sofa with the flow'rs of verse, a sold and I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair, With that light task; but soon, to please her more,

Whom flow'rs alone I knew would little please,
Let fall th' unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit;
Rov'd far, and gather'd much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Pick'd from the thorns and briers of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd.
But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.'
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

LEGON IT & ZUNN RETURN LINE 1 134 Let full the unimodeled weepths and not did the first Aport in, and guineral outely richme hastle, has true, lak'd from the thoras and butters of reputors a life of Bur wholeforme, well disselted I grantit frome out I will To palette dair enn valte firmoural inging to a la tall intepid rede, and fixe to be define de le le le le le The all is in this land what prairie I feeled with at a fin mil in vain one potentings, and the world hears, The regard not shough divines themes and I'm not in artful mealures, in the claims of the life and the same and the form of a pullant size bar wheth spreadurant and approprie over mire. It is the least of the second section which are is also

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JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

Can gold grow whiteless our manhous to know

Married they bear the state with a more facilities.

Dear Joseph—five and twenty years ago—Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so—With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—Strange sluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:

And, were I call'd to prove th' affertion true, One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though num'rous once, reduc'd to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?
No—gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's fervant once, with bow and cringe, Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge, Dreading a negative, and overaw'd Left he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad. Go, fellow!—whither?—turning short about—Nay—stay at home—you're always going out. 'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—For what?—An please you, sir, to see a friend. A friend! Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—

V

And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,

I'll fee him too—the first I ever saw.

Convicted once, should ever after wear

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps, his considence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,

But, not to moralize too much, and strain

To prove an evil of which all complain,

(I hate long arguments, verbosely spun)

One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.

Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man—

No matter where, in China or Japan—

Flic his was feldom bitter or maybe

One Rory more, dear Hill, seed I haven

Oace on a time an emphase a wife man

No maner where in Chine on Japan-

Decreed that whosever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once, should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.

Oh, happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law like that which I relate
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some sew, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM:

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Kepadaier da Waideias ogen Teopn.

PLATO.

Αρχη σολιτειας απασης, νεων τροφα.

DIOG. LAERT.

VOL. II.

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REVIEW of Landons was to be the same the table of the contract of the contract of VOL. III

REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,

RECTOR OF STOCK IN ESSEX,

THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS;

THE FOLLOWING

POEM,

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION

IN PREFERENCE TO

AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.

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Hor her amalies an unbounded flore,

Eubomous, yer enconfesses of art toll;

Soil to be fed, and not to be furchare d.

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It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the mafter of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form, indeed, th' affociate of a mind
Vast in its pow'rs, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of almighty skill,
Fram'd for the service of a free-born will,
Afferts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.

For her the mem'ry fills her ample page With truths pour'd down from ev'ry distant age; For her amasses an unbounded store, The wisdom of great nations, now no more: Though laden, not incumber'd with her fpoil; Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil; When copiously supplied, then most enlarg'd; Still to be fed, and not to be furcharg'd. For her the fancy, roving unconfin'd, The present muse of ev'ry pensive mind, Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue To nature's scenes than nature ever knew. At her command winds rife and waters roar, Again she lays them sumb'ring on the shore; With flow'r and fruit the wilderness supplies, Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise. For her the judgment, umpire in the strife That grace and nature have to wage through life, Quick-fighted arbiter of good and ill, Appointed fage preceptor to the will,

Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice

Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

prison his maghina Dada and Dand and I Why did the fiat of a God give birth To you fair fun and his attendant earth? And, when descending he resigns the skies, Why takes the gentler moon her turn to rife, Whom ocean feels through all his countless waves, And owns her pow'r on ev'ry shore he laves? Why do the seasons still enrich the year, Fruitful and young as in their first career? Spring hangs her infant bloffoms on the trees, Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze; Summer in hafte the thriving charge receives Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves, 'Till autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews Dye them at last in all their glowing hues.— 'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste, Pow'r misemploy'd, munificence misplac'd,

Had not its author dignified the plan, And crown'd it with the majesty of man. Thus form'd, thus plac'd, intelligent, and taught, Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought, The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws Finds in a fober moment time to paufe, To press th' important question on his heart, "Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?" If man be what he feems—this hour a flave, The next mere dust and ashes in the grave; Endu'd with reason only to descry His crimes and follies with an aching eye; With passions, just that he may prove, with pain, The force he fpends against their fury vain; And if, foon after having burnt, by turns, With ev'ry lust with which frail nature burns, His being end where death dissolves the bond, The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond— Then he, of all that nature has brought forth, Stands felf-impeach'd the creature of least worth,

And, useless while he lives, and when he dies, Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths that the learn'd pursue with eager thought Are not important always as dear-bought, Proving at last, though told in pompous strains, A childish waste of philosophic pains; But truths on which depends our main concern, That 'tis our shame and mis'ry not to learn, Shine by the fide of ev'ry path we tread With fuch a lustre, he that runs may read. 'Tis true that, if to trifle life away Down to the fun-fet of their latest day, Then perish on futurity's wide shore Like fleeting exhalations, found no more, Were all that Heav'n requir'd of human kind, And all the plan their destiny design'd, What none could rev'rence all mighty justly blame, And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.

But reason heard, and nature well perus'd, At once the dreaming mind is disabus'd. If all we find possessing earth, sea, air, Reflect his attributes who plac'd them there, Fulfil the purpose, and appear design'd Proofs of the wisdom of th' all-seeing mind, 'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose t' invest With kingship and dominion o'er the rest, Receiv'd his nobler nature, and was made Fit for the pow'r in which he stands array'd, That first or last, hereaster if not here, He too might make his author's wisdom clear, Praise him on earth, or, obstinately dumb, Suffer his justice in a world to come. This once believ'd, 'twere logic misapplied To prove a confequence by none denied, That we are bound to cast the minds of youth Betimes into the mould of heav'nly truth, That, taught of God, they may indeed be wife, Nor, ignorantly wand'ring, miss the skies.

In early days the conscience has in most A quickness, which in later life is lost: Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears, Or, guilty, foon relenting into tears. Too careless often, as our years proceed, What friends we fort with, or what books we read, Our parents yet exert a prudent care To feed our infant minds with proper fare; And wifely store the nurs'ry by degrees With wholesome learning, yet acquir'd with ease. Neatly fecur'd from being foil'd or torn Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn, A book (to please us at a tender age 'Tis call'd a book, though but a fingle page) Presents the pray'r the Saviour deign'd to teach, Which children use, and parsons—when they preach. Lisping our syllables, we scramble next Through moral narrative, or facred text; And learn with wonder how this world began, Who made, who marr'd, and who has ranfom'd, man.

Points which, unless the scripture made them plain, The wifeft heads might agitate in vain. Oh thou, whom, born on fancy's eager wing Back to the feafon of life's happy fpring, I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry yet Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget; Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale Sweet fiction and fweet truth alike prevail; Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style, May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile; Witty, and well employ'd, and, like thy Lord, Speaking in parables his flighted word; I name thee not, left so despis'd a name Should move a fneer at thy deferved fame; Yet ev'n in transitory life's late day, That mingles all my brown with fober gray, Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road, And guides the PROGRESS of the foul to God. 'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;

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The man, approving what had charm'd the boy, Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy; And not with curses on his art, who stole The gem of truth from his unguarded foul. The stamp of artless piety, impress'd By kind tuition on his yielding breast, The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw, Regards with fcorn, though once receiv'd with awe; And, warp'd into the labyrinth of lies, That babblers, call'd philosophers, devise, Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man. Touch but his nature in its ailing part, Affert the native evil of his heart, His pride refents the charge, although the proof* Rife in his forehead, and feem rank enough: Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross As God's expedient to retrieve his lofs,

See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

The young apostate sickens at the view,

And hates it with the malice of a Jew.

How weak the barrier of mere nature proves, Oppos'd against the pleasures naturé loves! While, felf-betray'd, and wilfully undone, She longs to yield, no fooner woo'd than won. Try now the merits of this bleft exchange Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range. 'Time was he clos'd, as he began, the day With decent duty, not asham'd to pray; The practice was a bond upon his heart, A pledge he gave for a confiftent part; Nor could he dare presumptuously displease A pow'r, confess'd so lately on his knees. But now farewell all legendary tales— The fhadows fly, philosophy prevails! Pray'r to the winds, and caution to the waves; Religion makes the free by nature slaves!

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Priests have invented, and the world admir'd
What knavish priests promulgate as inspir'd;
'Till reason, now no longer overaw'd,
Resumes her pow'rs, and spurns the clumsy fraud;
And, common-sense diffusing real day,
The meteor of the gospel dies away!
Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
Is not to find what they profess to seek.
And thus, well-tutor'd only while we share
A mother's lectures and a nurse's care;
And taught at schools much mythologic stuff*,
But sound religion sparingly enough;

^{*} The author begs leave to explain.—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a school-boy in the religion of the heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

Our early notices of truth, difgrac'd, Soon lose their credit, and are all effac'd.

Would you your fon should be a fot or dunce, Lascivious, headstrong; or all these at once; That, in good time, the stripling's finish'd taste For loofe expense and fashionable waste Should prove your ruin, and his own at last; Train him in public with a mob of boys, Childish in mischief only and in noise, Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten In infidelity and lewdness men. There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old, That authors are most useful pawn'd or fold; That pedantry is all that schools impart, But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart; There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays, Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praife, His counsellor and bosom-friend shall prove, And some street-pacing harlot his first love.

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Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong, Detain their adolescent charge too long; The management of tiros of eighteen Is difficult, their punishment obscene. The flout tall captain, whose superior size The minor heroes view with envious eyes, Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks. His pride, that fcorns t' obey or to fubmit, With them is courage; his effront'ry wit. His wild excursions, window-breaking feats, Robb'ry of gardens, quarrels in the ftreets, His hair-breadth 'fcapes, and all his daring schemes, Transport them, and are made their fav'rite themes. In little bosoms fuch achievements strike A kindred spark; they burn to do the like. Thus, half-accomplish'd ere he yet begin To show the peeping down upon his chin; And, as maturity of years comes on, Made just th' adept that you design'd your son; VOL. II.

T' ensure the perseverance of his course, And give your monstrous project all its force, Send him to college. If he there be tam'd, Or in one article of vice reclaim'd, Where no regard of ord'nances is shown Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own. Some fneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt, Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout, Nor gambling practices, can find it out. Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too, Ye nurs'ries of our boys, we owe to you! Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds, For public schools 'tis public folly feeds. The flaves of custom and establish'd mode, With pack-horse constancy we keep the road, Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells, True to the jingling of our leaders bells. To follow foolish precedents, and wink With both our eyes, is easier than to think:

sto for each adept that you design it you

And fuch an age as our's baulks no expense, Except of caution and of common-sense; Else, sure, notorious fact and proof so plain Would turn our steps into a wifer train. I blame not those who with what care they car O'erwatch the num'rous and unruly clan; Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare Promife a work of which they must despair. Have ye, ye fage intendants of the whole, An ubiquarian presence and controul— Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd, Went with him, and faw all the game he play'd? Yes—ye are conscious; and on all the shelves Your pupils strike upon have struck yourselves. Or, if by nature fober, ye had then, Boys as ye were, the gravity of men; Ye knew at least, by constant proofs address'd To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest. But ye connive at what ye cannot cure, And evils, not to be endur'd, endure,

Lest pow'r exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.
Ye once were justly fam'd for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth;
And in the sirmament of same still shines
A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
Of poets rais'd by you, and statesmen, and diwines.
Peace to them all! those brilliant times are sled,
And no such lights are kindling in their stead.
Our striplings shine, indeed, but with such rays
As set the midnight riot in a blaze;
And seem, if judg'd by their expressive looks,
Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.

Say, muse, (for, education made the song,
No muse can hesitate or linger long)
What causes move us, knowing, as we must,
That these menageries all fail their trust,
To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
While colts and pupples cost us so much care?

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise; We love the play-place of our early days-The scene is touching, and the heart is stone That feels not at that fight, and feels at none. The wall on which we tried our graving skill, The very name we carv'd, fublifting still; The bench on which we fat while deep employ'd, Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd: The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot, Playing our games, and on the very spot; As happy as we once, to kneel and draw The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw; To pitch the ball into the grounded hat, Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat— The pleasing spectacle at once excites Such recollection of our own delights, That, viewing it, we feem almost t' obtain Our innocent sweet simple years again. This fond attachment to the well-known place, Whence first we started into life's long race,

Maintains its hold with fuch unfailing fway, We feel it ev'n in age, and at our latest day. Hark! how the fire of chits, whose future share Of claffic food begins to be his care, With his own likeness plac'd on either knee, Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee; And tells them, as he strokes their filver locks, That they must soon learn Latin, and to box; Then, turning, he regales his lift ning wife With all th' adventures of his early life; His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise, In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays; What shifts he us'd, detected in a scrape, How he was flogg'd, or had the luck t' escape; What fums he loft at play, and how he fold Watch, feals, and all—till all his pranks are told. Retracing thus his frolics, ('tis a name That palliates deeds of folly and of shame) He gives the local bias all its fway; Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play,

And destines their bright genius to be shown

Just in the scene where he display'd his own.

The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught

To be as bold and forward as he ought;

The rude will scusse through with ease enough,

Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.

Ah, happy designation, prudent choice,

Th' event is sure; expect it, and rejoice!

Soon see your wish sulfill'd in either child—

The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

The great, indeed, by titles, riches, birth,

Excus'd th' incumbrance of more folid worth,

Are best dispos'd of where with most success

They may acquire that confident address,

Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,

That scorn of all delights but those of sense,

Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,

With so much reason all expect from them,

But families of less illustrious fame, Whose chief distinction is their spotless name, Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small, Must shine by true defert, or not at all-What dream they of, that with fo little care They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there? They dream of little Charles or William grac'd With wig prolix, down-flowing to his waift; They fee th' attentive crowds his talents draw, They hear him fpeak—the oracle of law! The father, who defigns his babe a prieft, Dreams him episcopally such at least; And, while the playful jockey fcours the room Brifkly, aftride upon the parlour broom, In fancy fees him more fuperbly ride In coach with purple lin'd, and mitres on its fide. Events improbable and strange as these, Which only a parental eye foresees, A public school shall bring to pass with ease.

But how? refides such virtue in that air
As must create an appetite for pray'r?
And will it breathe into him all the zeal
That candidates for such a prize should feel,
To take the lead and be the foremost still
In all true worth and literary skill?

- " Ah, blind to bright futurity, untaught
- " The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
- " Church-ladders are not always mounted best
- " By learned clerks and Latinists profess'd.
- " Th' exalted prize demands an upward look,
- " Not to be found by poring on a book.
- " Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
- " Is more than adequate to all I feek.
- " Let erudition grace him or not grace,
- " I give the bawble but the fecond place;
- " His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
- " Subfift and centre in one point—a friend!
- " A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
- " Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.

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- "His intercourse with peers, and sons of peers-
- "There dawns the splendour of his future years;
- " In that bright quarter his propitious skies
- " Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
- " Your Lordship, and Your Grace! what school can teach
- " A rhet'ric equal to those parts of speech?
- " What need of Homer's verse or Tully's prose,
- " Sweet interjections! if he learn but those?
- " Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
- " Who starve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch,
- "The parfon knows enough who knows a duke."-

Egregious purpose! worthily begun

In barb'rous proftitution of your fon;

Press'd on bis part by means that would disgrace

A scriv'ner's clerk or footman out of place,

And ending, if at last its end be gain'd,

In facrilege, in God's own house profan'd!

It may fucceed; and, if his fins should call

For more than common punishment, it shall;

The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth Least qualified in honour, learning, worth, To occupy a facred, awful post, In which the best and worthiest tremble most. The royal letters are a thing of course— A king, that would, might recommend his horse; And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice, As bound in duty, would confirm the choice. Behold your bishop! well he plays his part-Christian in name, and infidel in heart, Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan, A flave at court, elsewhere a lady's man! Dumb as a senator, and, as a priest, A piece of mere church-furniture at best; To live estrang'd from God his total scope, And his end fure, without one glimpse of hope! But, fair although and feafible it feem, Depend not much upon your golden dream; For Providence, that seems concern'd t' exempt The hallow'd bench from absolute contempt,

In spite of all the wrigglers into place, Still keeps a feat or two for worth and grace; And therefore 'tis, that, though the fight be rare, We fometimes fee a Lowth or Bagot there. Besides, school-friendships are not always found, Though fair in promise, permanent and found; The most disint'rested and virtuous minds, In early years connected, time unbinds: New situations give a diff'rent cast Of habit, inclination, temper, tafte; And he, that feem'd our counterpart at first, Soon shows the strong similitude revers'd. Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm, And make miltakes for manhood to reform. Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown, Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known; Each dreams that each is just what he appears, But learns his error in maturer years, When disposition, like a fail unfurl'd, Shows all its rents and patches to the world.

If, therefore, ev'n when honest in design, A boyish friendship may so soon decline, 'Twere wifer sure t' inspire a little heart With just abhorrence of so mean a part, Than set your son to work at a vile trade For wages so unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile refort,

That are of chief and most approv'd report,

To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,

Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.

A principle, whose proud pretensions pass

Unquestion'd, though the jewel be but glass—

That with a world, not often over-nice,

Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice;

Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,

Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—

Contributes most perhaps t' enhance their same;

And emulation is its specious name.

n;

Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal, Feel all the rage that female rivals feel; The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes Not brighter than in their's the scholar's prize. The spirit of that competition burns With all varieties of ill by turns; Each vainly magnifies his own fuccess, Refents his fellow's, wishes it were less, Exults in his miscarriage if he fail, Deems his reward too great if he prevail, And labours to furpass him day and night, Less for improvement than to tickle spite. The spur is pow'rful, and I grant its force; It pricks the genius forward in its course, Allows fhort time for play, and none for floth; And, felt alike by each, advances both: But judge, where so much evil intervenes, The end, though plaufible, not worth the means. Weigh, for a moment, classical defert Against an heart deprav'd and temper hurt;

Hurt, too, perhaps for life; for early wrong,
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;
And you are stanch indeed in learning's cause,
If you can crown a discipline, that draws
Such mischiess after it, with much applause.

Connexion form'd for int'rest, and endear'd
By selfish views, thus censur'd and cashier'd;
And emulation, as engend'ring hate,
Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate;
The props of such proud seminaries fall,
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
Great schools rejected, then, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be manag'd well,
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
And small academies win all the praise?
Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
I praise a school as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dress'd—
"Whate'er is best administer'd is best."

Few boys are born with talents that excel, But all are capable of living well; Then ask not, Whether limited or large? But, Watch they strictly, or neglect their charge? If anxious only that their boys may learn, While morals languish, a despis'd concern, The great and fmall deserve one common blame, Diff'rent in fize, but in effect the same. Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast, Though motives of mere lucre fway the most; Therefore in towns and cities they abound, For there the game they feek is easiest found; Though there, in spite of all that care can do, Traps to catch youth are most abundant too. If shrewd, and of a well-constructed brain, Keen in pursuit, and vig'rous to retain, Your fon come forth a prodigy of skill; As, wherefoever taught, fo form'd, he will; The pedagogue, with felf-complacent air, Claims more than half the praise as his due share.

F

H

A

But, if, with all his genius, he betray,

Not more intelligent than loose and gay,

Such vicious habits as disgrace his name,

Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;

Though want of due restraint alone have bred

The symptoms that you see with so much dread;

Unenvy'd there, he may sustain alone

The whole reproach—the fault was all his own!

Why hire a haleing in a hoofe onknown

Oh 'tis a fight to be with joy perus'd,

By all whom fentiment has not abus'd;

New-fangled fentiment, the boafted grace

Of those who never feel in the right place;

A fight surpass'd by none that we can show,

Though Vestris on one leg still shine below;

A father blest with an ingenuous son—

Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.

How!—turn again to tales long since forgot.

Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest?—Why not?

VOL. II.

He will not blush, that has a father's heart,

To take in childish plays a childish part;

But bends his sturdy back to any toy

That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy:

Then why resign into a stranger's hand

A task as much within your own command,

That God and nature, and your int'rest too,

Seem with one voice to delegate to you?

Why hire a lodging in a house unknown

For one whose tend'rest thoughts all hover round your own?

This fecond weaning, needless as it is,

How does it lac'rate both your heart and his!

Th' indented stick, that loses day by day

Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,

Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,

With what intense desire he wants his home.

But, though the joys he hopes beneath your roof

Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,

H

T

Harmless, and safe, and nat'ral, as they are, A disappointment waits him even there: Arriv'd, he feels an unexpected change; He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange, No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease, His fav'rite stand between his father's knees. But feeks the corner of some distant feat, And eyes the door, and watches a retreat, And, least familiar where he should be most, Feels all his happiest privileges loft. Alas, poor boy !—the natural effect Of love by absence chill'd into respect. Say, what accomplishments, at school acquir'd, Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undefir'd? Thou well deserv'st an alienated son, Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none; None that, in thy domestic fnug recess, He had not made his own with more address, Though some perhaps that shock thy feeling mind, And better never learn'd, or left behind.

311

Add too, that, thus estrang'd, thou can'st obtain
By no kind arts his considence again;
That here begins with most that long complaint
Of silial frankness lost, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardless ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees

By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,

Which filthily bewray and fore disgrace

The boughs in which are bred th' unseemly race;

While ev'ry worm industriously weaves

And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves;

So num'rous are the follies that annoy

The mind and heart of ev'ry sprightly boy;

Imaginations noxious and perverse,

Which admonition can alone disperse.

Th' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,

Patient, affectionate, of high command,

And better never hastally or feet behind.

To check the procreation of a breed Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed. 'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page, At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage; Ev'n in his pastimes he requires a friend To warn, and teach him fafely to unbend, O'er all his pleafures gently to prefide, Watch his emotions, and controul their tide; And, levying thus, and with an easy sway, A tax of profit from his very play, T' impress a value, not to be eras'd, On moments squander'd else, and running all to waste. And feems it nothing in a father's eye That unimprov'd those many moments fly? And is he well content his fon should find No nourishment to feed his growing mind But conjugated verbs and nouns declin'd? For fuch is all the mental food purvey'd By public hacknies in the schooling trade;

Who feed a pupil's intellect with store Of fyntax, truly, but with little more; Dismiss their cares when they dismiss their flock-Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock. Perhaps a father, bleft with any brains, Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains, T' improve this diet, at no great expense, With fav'ry truth and wholesome common sense; To lead his fon, for prospects of delight, To some not steep, though philosophic, height, Thence to exhibit to his wond'ring eyes Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size, The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball, And the harmonious order of them all; To show him, in an insect or a flow'r, Such microscopic proof of skill and pow'r, As, hid from ages past, God now displays To combat atheifts with in modern days; To spread the earth before him, and commend, With defignation of the finger's end,

Its various parts to his attentive note, and on T
Thus bringing home to him the most remote;
To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame;
And, more than all, with commendation due
To fet some living worthy in his view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy what he must admire with a brasili
Such knowledge, gain'd betimes, and which appears,
Though folid, not too weighty for his years, and ail!
Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport, and bath
When health demands it, of athletic fort, hilling to 10
Would make him-what some lovely boys have been,
And more than one, perhaps, that I have feen A
An evidence and reprehension both
Of the mere school-boy's lean and tardy growth.

Art thou a man professionally tied, A Barra A With all thy faculties elsewhere applied, A Barra A

In him shy well-appointed proxy fee, we will also a second

Too busy to intend a meaner care of all a county at Than how t' enrich thyself, and next thine heir; Or art thou (as, though rich, perhaps thou art) But poor in knowledge, having none t' impart; Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad; a bal His fprightly mingled with a shade of fad; 101 151 01 Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then Heard to articulate like other men; w yuoo or fliw A No jefter, and yet lively in discourse, His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force; And his address, if not quite French in ease, Not English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please; Low in the world, because he scorns its arts; A man of letters, manners, morals, parts; Unpatroniz'd, and therefore little known; Wife for himfelf and his few friends alone-In him thy well-appointed proxy fee, Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee; Prepar'd by tafte, by learning, and true worth, To form thy fon, to strike his genius forth;

Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove The force of discipline when back'd by love; To double all thy pleasure in thy child, who was the world His mind inform'd, his morals undefil'd, a best hand Safe under fuch a wing, the boy shall show out by A No fpots contracted among grooms below, Nor taint his fpeech with meanneffes, defign'd and and By footman Tom for witty and refin'd. and world world There, in his commerce with the liv'ried herd, Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd; boom land For, fince (so fashion dictates) all, who claim An higher than a mere plebeian fame, bimesb min A Find it expedient, come what mischief may, banded To entertain a thief or two in pay, (And they that can afford th' expense of more, Some half a dozen, and some half a score) Great cause occurs to save him from a band So fure to fpoil him, and fo near at hand; A point fecur'd, if once he be supplied and A With some such Mentor always at his side.

Are fuch men rare? perhaps they would abound Were occupation easier to be found, Were education, elfe fo fure to fail, Conducted on a manageable scale, And schools, that have outliv'd all just esteem, Exchang'd for the secure domestic scheme. But, having found him, be thou duke or earl, in 197 Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl, And, as thou would'ft th' advancement of thine heir In all good faculties beneath his care, Respect, as is but rational and just, and a soul and A man deem'd worthy of so dear a trust. Despis'd by thee, what more can he expect From youthful folly than the same neglect? A flat and fatal negative obtains, That instant, upon all his future pains; His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend, And all th' instructions of thy son's best friend Are a stream choak'd, or trickling to no end.

With Lome fuch Menter always to his fide,

Doom him not then to folitary meals; But recollect that he has fense, and feels; And that, poffesfor of a foul refin'd, An upright heart, and cultivated mind, His post not mean, his talents not unknown, He deems it hard to vegetate alone. And, if admitted at thy board he fit, Account him no just mark for idle wit; Offend not him, whom modesty restrains From repartee, with jokes that he disdains; Much less transfix his feelings with an oath; Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.— And, trust me, his utility may reach To more than he is hir'd or bound to teach; Much trash unutter'd, and some ills undone, Through rev'rence of the censor of thy son.

But, if thy table be indeed unclean,

Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,

And thou at bell, and in the tab roll mood

Hear Nature plead, they mercy to the fan.

No. Code

P.F

And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan. The world accounts an honourable man, Because forsooth thy courage has been tried And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side; Though thou hadft never grace enough to prove That any thing but vice could win thy love; Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife, Chain'd to the routs that the frequents for life; Who, just when industry begins to fnore, Flies, wing'd with joy, to forme coach-crowded door; And thrice in ev'ry winter throngs thine own With half the chariots and fedans in town, Thyfelf meanwhile e'en shifting as thou may'st; Not very fober though, nor very chafte;— Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank, If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank, And thou at best, and in thy sob'rest mood, A trifler vain, and empty of all good; Though mercy for thyfelf thou can'ft have none, Hear Nature plead, show mercy to thy son.

Sav'd from his home, where ev'ry day brings forth Some mischief fatal to his future worth, Find him a better in a distant spot, Within fome pious pastor's humble cot, Where vile example (your's I chiefly mean, The most seducing and the oft nest seen) May never more be stamp'd upon his breast Not yet perhaps incurably impress'd: Where early rest makes early rising sure, Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure, Prevented much by diet neat and plain; Or, if it enter, foon starv'd out again:-Where all th' attention of his faithful hoft, Discreetly limited to two at most, May raise such fruits as shall reward his care, And not at last evaporate in air: Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind Serene, and to his duties much inclin'd, Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home, Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,

His virtuous toil may terminate at last In fettled habit and decided tafte. But whom do I advise? the fashion-led, Th' incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead! Whom care and cool deliberation fuit Not better much than spectacles a brute; Who, if their fons some slight tuition share, Deem it of no great moment whose, or where; Too proud t' adopt the thoughts of one unknown, And much too gay t' have any of their own. But, courage, man! methought the muse replied, Mankind are various, and the world is wide: The offrich, fillieft of the feather'd kind, And form'd of God without a parent's mind, Commits her eggs, incautious, to the duft, Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust; And, while on public nurs'ries they rely, Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why, Irrational in what they thus prefer, No few, that would feem wife, refemble her.

But all are not alike. Thy warning voice

May here and there prevent erroneous choice;

And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,

Yet make their progeny their dearest care,

(Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach

Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach)

Will need no stress of argument t' ensorce

Th' expedience of a less advent'rous course:

The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn;

But they have human feelings—turn to them.

To you, then, tenants of life's middle state,

Securely plac'd between the small and great,

Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains

Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,

Who, wise yourselves, desire your sons should learn

Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.

Look round you on a world perversely blind;

See what contempt is fall'n on human kind;

Who, far engage from damidana; their factors

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See wealth abus'd, and dignities misplac'd, Great titles, offices, and trufts difgrac'd, Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old, Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold; See Bedlam's closetted and hand-cuff'd charge Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large; See great commanders making war a trade, Great lawyers, lawyers without study made; Churchmen, in whose esteem their blest employ Is odious, and their wages all their joy, Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves With gospel lore, turn infidels themselves; See womanhood despis'd, and manhood sham'd With infamy too naufeous to be nam'd, Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien, Civeted fellows, fmelt ere they are feen, Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung, Now flush'd with drunk'ness, now with whoredom pale, Their breath a fample of last night's regale;

See volunteers in all the vileft arts, Men well endow'd, of honourable parts, Defign'd by nature wife, but felf-made fools;— All these, and more like these, were bred at schools! And, if it chance, as fometimes chance it will, That, though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still; Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark, Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark: As here and there a twinkling star descried Serves but to show how black is all beside. Now look on him, whose very voice in tone Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own, And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red, And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head, And fay—My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come, When thou, transplanted from thy genial home, Must find a colder soil and bleaker air, And trust for safety to a stranger's care; What character, what turn thou wilt assume From constant converse with I know not whom; VOL. II.

le,

Who there will court thy friendship, with what views, And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose; Though much depends on what thy choice shall be, Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.— Can'ft thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids, And while the dreadful rifque foreseen forbids; Free, too, and under no conftraining force, Unless the sway of custom warp thy course; Lay fuch a stake upon the losing side, Merely to gratify fo blind a guide? Thou can'ft not! Nature, pulling at thine heart, Condemns th' unfatherly, th' imprudent part. Thou would'st not, deaf to Nature's tend'rest plea, Turn him adrift upon a rolling fea, Nor fay, Go thither, conscious that there lay A brood of asps, or quickfands in his way; Then, only govern'd by the felf-fame rule Of nat'ral pity, fend him not to school. No-guard him better. Is he not thine own, Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?

And hop'st thou not ('tis ev'ry father's hope) That, fince thy strength must with thy years elope, And thou wilt need fome comfort to affuage Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age, That then, in recompense of all thy cares, Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs, Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft, And give thy life its only cordial left? Aware then how much danger intervenes, To compass that good end, forecast the means. His heart, now passive, yields to thy command; Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand. If thou defert thy charge, and throw it wide, Nor heed what guefts there enter and abide, Complain not if attachments lewd and base Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place. But, if thou guard its facred chambers fure From vicious inmates and delights impure, Either his gratitude shall hold him fast, And keep him warm and filial to the last;

Or, if he prove unkind (as who can fay

But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)

One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart—

Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.

Oh barb'rous! would'ft thou with a Gothic hand
Pull down the schools—what!—all the schools i' th'
land;

Or throw them up to liv'ry-nags and grooms,
Or turn them into shops and auction rooms?
A captious question, sir, (and your's is one)
Deserves an answer similar, or none.
Would'st thou, possessor of a slock, employ
(Appriz'd that he is such) a careless boy,
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
Merely to sleep, and let them run aftray?
Survey our schools and colleges, and see
A sight not much unlike my simile.
From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws;

Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.

And, though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—This Building to be Let,
Unless the world were all prepar'd t' embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

THE THE TANK THE THE

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DIVERTING HISTORY

OF

JOHN GILPIN;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen

Of credit and renown,

A train-band captain eke was he

Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaife and pair.

My fifter, and my fifter's child,

Myself, and children three,

Will fill the chaise; so you must ride

On horseback after we.

He foon replied—I do admire

Of womankind but one,

And you are fhe, my dearest dear,

Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,

As all the world doth know,

And my good friend the calender

Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—That's well faid;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kifs'd his loving wife;

O'erjoy'd was he to find

That, though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaife was brought,

But yet was not allow'd

To drive up to the door, left all

Should fay that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaife was flay'd,

Where they did all get in;

Six precious fouls, and all agog

To dash through thick and thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,

Were never folk fo glad,

The stones did rattle underneath

As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For faddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,

His journey to begin,

When, turning round his head, he saw

Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,

Although it griev'd him fore,

Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,

Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers

Were suited to their mind,

When Betty screaming came down stairs—

"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,

My leathern belt likewife,

In which I bear my trufty fword

When I do exercife.

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)

Had two stone bottles sound,

To hold the liquor that she lov'd,

And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,

Through which the belt he drew,

And hung a bottle on each fide,

To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now fee him mounted once again

Upon his nimble fteed,

Full flowly pacing o'er the ftones

With caution and good heed!

But, finding foon a fmoother road

Beneath his well-shod feet,

The snorting beast began to trot,

Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, Fair and foftly, John he cried,

But John he cried in vain;

That trot became a gallop foon,

In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must

Who cannot sit upright,

He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,

His horse, who never in that fort a shad bib again and The Had handled been before, a swobaiw and well all

What thing upon his back had got and had you back.

Did wonder more and more.

Away went hat and wig!—

He little dreamt, when he fet out,

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, his and hand.

Like streamer long and gay,

Till, loop and button failing both, and some and wolf.

At last it slew away.

Then might all people well discern

The bottles he had slung;

A bottle swinging at each side,

As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,

Up slew the windows all;

And ev'ry soul cried out—Well done!

As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?

His fame foon fpread around—

He carries weight! he rides a race!

'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,

'Twas wonderful to view

How in a trice the turnpike-men

Their gates wide open threw.

Were shatter'd at a blow.

And now, as he went bowing down

His reeking head full low,

The bottles twain behind his back

Most piteous to be seen,

Which made his horse's flanks to smoke

As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,

With leathern girdle brac'd;

For all might see the bottle-necks

Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington

These gambols he did play,

And till he came unto the Wash

Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about

On both sides of the way,

Just like unto a trundling mop,

Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife

From the balcony spied

Her tender husband, wond'ring much

To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclin'd to tarry there;

For why?—his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow fwift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong;

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my fong.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,

And fore against his will,

Till at his friend the calender's

His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, slew to the gate,

And thus accosted him:—

What news? what news? your tidings tell;

Tell me you must and shall—

Say why bare-headed you are come,

Or why you come at all.

vol. 11.

A a

Now Gilpin had a pleafant wit,

And lov'd a timely joke;

And thus unto the calender

In merry guife he fpoke:—

I came because your horse would come;

And, if I well forebode,

My hat and wig will soon be here—

They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find

His friend in merry pin,

Return'd him not a fingle word,

But to the house went in;

Whence strait he came with hat and wig;

A wig that flow'd behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear,

Each comely in its kind.

.II .JOY

He held them up, and, in his turn,

Thus show'd his ready wit—

My head is twice as big as your's,

They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away

That hangs upon your face;

And stop and eat, for well you may

Be in a hungry case,

Said John—It is my wedding-day,

And all the world would stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton

And I should dine at Ware!

I am in haste to dine;

'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

A a 2

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!

For which he paid full dear;

For, while he spake, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he

Had heard a lion roar,

And gallop'd off with all his might,

As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went Gilpin's hat and wig!

He lost them sooner than at first—

For why?—they were too big!

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw

Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,

She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said

That drove them to the Bell—

This shall be your's when you bring back

My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and foon did meet

John coming back amain;

Whom in a trice he tried to ftop,

By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,

And gladly would have done,

The frighted fleed he frighted more,

And made him fafter run.

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went post-boy at his heels!—

The post-boy's horse right glad to miss

The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,

Thus feeing Gilpin fly,

With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,

They rais'd the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! ftop thief!—a highwayman!

Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that pass'd that way

Did join in the pursuit,

And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space;

The toll-men thinking, as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too!—

For he got first to town;

Nor stopp'd till where he had got up

He did again get down.

Now let us fing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to fee!

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Now let us tree - Long live the king

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